

# THE AMERICAN

VOL. IV.—NO. 96.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

PRICE, 6 CENTS.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

ON the principle, we suppose, that any kind of a Minister will do for America, Mr. ROUSTAN has been selected to represent France at Washington. We believe that no European Court would have accepted this selection. Mr. ROUSTAN was the representative of the worst type of Gambettism in his career in Tunis. He was a diplomat in the interest of the *bourse*; and, when a Radical editor described his conduct in the strongest terms, a jury acquitted the editor of libel. That verdict was an indictment of the prosecutor, and was so regarded, not only in Paris, but throughout Europe. Why a Ministry made up of such men as M. DE FREYCINET and LEON SAY should ship this piece of damaged goods to America, we do not understand. Had M. GAMBETTA sent him, the thing would have been more intelligible.

THE President has signed the bill to distribute the Geneva Award among those ship-owners who claim to have suffered indirect damages from the Anglo-Confederate privateers, or damages inflicted other than on the high seas. This covers losses through payment of extra insurance on American shipping, and the like. This claim to compensation certainly is better than that of the insurance companies who had losses through the capture of vessels they had insured. As these companies exacted extra rates to cover their losses, they either lost nothing or they lost through miscalculation. But the ship-owners who had to pay the extra rates have an equitable claim to some compensation. But is the equitable claim legal? The Geneva Tribunal refused to entertain claims for indirect damages. They awarded to the United States a lump sum which was supposed to represent losses of the class which now have been paid in full. In strict law, this money belongs to England, and not to us, and should be refunded to the London Exchequer at the same time that we pay back to Japan the wretched indemnity extorted from her at an earlier date. That the claim of the persons whose relief is contemplated in this bill is a just one, is immaterial. We put ourselves into the hands of the Tribunal without reserve, and should abide by the decision. We could afford very well to hand back this money, and then to pay these losses out of our own treasury. It would do much to strengthen us, not only in the good opinion of the world, but in that national self-respect which "makes for righteousness."

THE Senate committee has reported favorably the bill for the relief of Mr. FITZ-JOHN PORTER; but Mr. LOGAN presents a minority report against the measure. Mr. LOGAN insists on two points, one of which is well taken and the other ill. He speaks of the advisory board, which told President HAYES to set aside the sentence of the court-martial, as a body unknown to the law. It may be that, and yet a very proper body to hear the evidence, so far as this is accessible, and to report its opinion. But we think Mr. LOGAN is clearly right when he insists that the court-martial which sat in President LINCOLN's time, Mr. LINCOLN, himself, and Mr. STANTON, had better opportunities for a complete knowledge of the facts than any advisory board which met when the chief actors in the drama were dead, and, therefore, incapable of further explanations. It is this, we think, which vitiates any action that may be taken now. Mr. PORTER stands condemned by the greatest tribunal known to our history. The human material does not exist for the constitution of a tribunal of equal weight to reverse his sentence.

THE Senate will do well to pass the bill for the continuance of the national banks, just as it came from the House, rather than undertake its amendment, and thus require the assent of the House a second time. This, we understand, is the prevailing disposition among the Senators. They see the need of prompt action, if there is to be any.

They know that every week of delay detracts from the usefulness of the bill. And they are aware that the bank-hating element of the House would delight to see the bill come again within their reach. The bill is capable of great improvements. But it would be better to let these take their chance of passing in an independent measure.

SEVENTY Democratic votes prevented Mr. KELLEY from obtaining the two-thirds vote needed to introduce a bill for the relief of the manufacturers of knit worsted goods. We presume that this does not prevent the passage of the bill before the session ends; but it may diminish its chances, although the employment of a great body of workmen is at stake. It is argued against the bill that the whole matter of the tariff has been referred to a commission, and that this must go with the rest. It is said, that, if the Committee of Way and Means are not competent to report a tariff, they are equally incompetent to deal with this part of it. But these arguments are mere sophistries. The purpose of the bill is not new legislation, but the correction of a clerical error in the existing tariff. As a consequence of that error, the manufacturers of these goods are placed by the other provisions of the tariff at a disadvantage, as compared with the foreign producers. It is made far cheaper to make these goods in Canada, and import them into America, than to make them at home. Besides, Mr. KELLEY was brought to an understanding, before the tariff commission bill was taken up, that he would follow it by a bill which would enable those members of the House who desire it to make a direct record by their votes on the question of Protection or Free Trade. Yet, as soon as he tries to do so, he finds the way blocked by the votes of Free Traders.

THE investigation into the charges brought by Mr. WHITE of Kentucky, with reference to the passage of the bill in regard to taking whiskey out of bond, shows that there is nothing to sustain the charges of corruption. Mr. WHITE seems to be a very ill-balanced person, and one whose assertions in a matter of this kind will not have, in the future, much weight with the House.

Two more election cases have been decided by the House in accordance with its committee's report. Mr. BIGBEE, a Republican, is seated, instead of Mr. FINLEY, for the Second Florida District, and Mr. WHEELER, a Greenbacker, in place of Mr. LOWE, a Democrat, in the Eighth District of Alabama. Three cases remain for action. In the absence of more detailed reports, it is not so possible for the country at large to pronounce upon the justice of this action as in the cases in Mississippi and South Carolina. This is the wrong the Democrats have done both themselves and the country. By fighting cases in which the right was clearly against them, they have deprived their opposition of any moral force in any case, and created the presumption that the committee have acted rightly in these cases, also. Certainly, the facts put forward in the debate create a presumption in favor of the gentlemen who got the seats.

In several quarters, it is charged that the decision in favor of Mr. WHEELER grows out of a bargain with the Greenbackers in the House, as otherwise the Republicans would have voted against a contestant who was not of their party. Assuming that the majority are governed only by bad motives, it may be said that Republicans have as much interest in seeing Greenbackers represent Alabama as the Democrats have in seeing Greenbackers returned for Maine. And to secure this our Democratic friends have made sacrifices in their time.

SEVEN thousand dollars are certainly a large sum to spend on liquors and cigars to entertain Members of Congress and a few foreigners, on

the way to and during the Yorktown celebration. But the gentleman who sent up the bill of particulars for the Clerk of the House to read, might have been better employed. Nothing is gained by the exposure, except the publication of a bad example to the rising generation and an addition to the pretty long tale of national scandals.

MR. CHANDLER is very zealous in support of the plan for the construction of a new navy, and very much opposed to the patching up of the wretched vessels we already have. We suspect that the country is quite in agreement with this opinion, but that it would be much more ready to disburse money for the purpose if the Secretary of the Navy were a person more to its mind. There is a fear, not removed by anything it knows of Mr. CHANDLER, that the business of constructing a new navy will be the occasion for jobs like those which disgraced the Department during the Administration of Mr. GRANT; and, while there is no craving for the return of either Mr. THOMPSON or Mr. HUNT to the Secretaryship, there is a strong desire to see it occupied by a man who inspires somewhat more confidence. As it stands, we must either wait for a navy or take the patriotic advice of *The Evening Post*,—viz., buy our war-ships in Europe, as China did.

MR. FRELINGHUYSEN surprises us. We had supposed that we had ground for believing that our diplomacy was to be conducted with strict reference to the wishes and feelings of foreign Governments. His veto of the conference of American Governments, lest Europe should take offence at our doing what she always does, seemed to indicate so much. The somnolent treatment of the cases of the Irish "suspects" pointed in the same direction. But Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN is the new "man without a shadow." He has developed, all at once, the most surprising energy, and has torn the BULWER-CLAYTON Treaty into shreds, announcing that America will not hold herself bound by it. It is quite true, as he says, that it was negotiated, thirty years ago, for the international protection and regulation of a canal which had no existence then and has none now. It is true, also, that Great Britain has ignored an essential part of the treaty by extending her jurisdiction over parts of Central America to which it did not extend when the treaty was signed. But, when all is said, the treaty was a cherished piece of diplomacy, whose very existence soothed the nerves of our British friends and seemed to diminish the number of open questions between them and us. Good Mr. FRELINGHUYSEN did not know what effect his act would have on their sensibilities, or he would have left this harsh deed to some of his successors.

At last, the President has succeeded in selecting the nine members of the commission for the revision of the tariff. He seems to have confined his selection to more or less pronounced Protectionists. Of this policy, as our readers know, we do not approve. We believe that at least three or four of the number should have been Free Traders. The only men of national reputation on the list are Mr. WHEELER (who is chairman), Mr. JOHN L. HAYES and Mr. ROBERT P. PORTER. Three others—Mr. JACOB AMBLER of Ohio, Mr. JOHN S. PHELPS of Missouri, and Mr. JOHN H. UNDERWOOD of Georgia,—have been Members of Congress, while Mr. DUNCAN F. KENNER was a member of the Confederate Senate. This leaves Mr. HENRY W. OLIVER, Jr., as the only member who makes his *début* in public life through membership in this commission. Mr. OLIVER was not the choice of the great business interests of this State. A petition with very important signatures was transmitted to the President, asking the appointment of a gentleman who has devoted much of his life to the study of economical questions, and who possesses a familiarity with the iron and steel business of the State only surpassed by that of Mr. SWANK. But the President preferred to take the advice of Mr. CAMERON and his obedient servants in the Pennsylvania delegation. The nomination of the gentleman to whom we refer would have given the commission three expert members. As matters stand, Mr. HAYES and Mr. PORTER alone can claim that character.

We cannot conceal our dissatisfaction with the make-up of the commission. Perhaps it has in store for us a more agreeable disappointment, in the preparation of a tariff such as will remove all just reasons for discontent, and take this question from the arena of political discussion.

OUR respected contemporary, *The Times* of New York, keeps up its agitation of the tariff question at the rate of about seven editorials a week; and we rejoice to see the evidence of greater care in their preparation. Its young man no longer makes the slip of calling America "the States;" but the ear-marks of his foreign origin are visible, every now and then, in his ignorance of American usage. Thus, he recently had a jeremiad on the duty on imported thread, which enables the American manufacturer to tax "the hardest worked and poorest paid class of American workers. Before the war, the American sewing-woman bought her thread at four cents a spool. She now has to pay twenty-five per cent. more for it;" and so forth, at some length. Now, whatever may be the case with British sewing-woman, the American woman of this class, as a rule, does not buy thread at all. It is furnished her by her employer when the work is given out. And to her the chief difference before and since the war is that in those days great quantities of clothing were made abroad, which, under the present tariff, have to be made in America. Her wages are low because the labor market is overstocked with women who want to earn a living with the needle. But no removal of the duty on thread would make her a dime the richer; while the removal of the duty on clothing would leave her by many a dollar the poorer.

THE organization of a company, under the presidency of Mr. ROACH, to resume steam navigation between our Atlantic sea-ports and Brazil, is a sign of awakening spirit and interest, as regards our foreign commerce, which our Free Trade friends might be expected to welcome as a departure from the system of merely national commerce which they regard as involved in the protective policy. But the fact that the new company means to run American steamships, instead of buying vessels in England, seems to take all the charm out of the new movement; and they have no comment, except, that, if Mr. ROACH be right as to the cost of American labor and the amount of it needed in the construction of a ship, they do not see how the new Brazilian line can succeed where the old one failed. Perhaps a little study of the commercial situation, and especially of the near establishment of Newport News as the port for delivery of Western wheat on the Atlantic sea-coast, might furnish them with some reason for believing—we had almost said, hoping,—that the new line may succeed. And, if it do not do so without Government assistance, they surely will not begrudge it that. It surely is time for us to be done with the triangular carrying trade, which takes English manufactures to South America, exchanges them for commodities to be sold in the United States, and returns to England with a cargo of American provisions.

THE Senate has passed the bill to regulate retirement from the army. Officers who have reached the age of sixty-two years are to be retired indiscriminately on half-pay; but General SHERMAN is to have full pay. The law would have been more just if it had been on the statute-books as a fixed rule of the service from the beginning. There is always the infliction of many hardships when a law of this kind is enacted as a new rule, to be applied to men who are already in the service. But it is time to have some fixed legislation, and the legislation is needed to prevent the service from becoming overburdened with officers and to make room for the young men who enter the army every year.

MR. BLAINE declines the nomination for Congressman-at-Large in Maine, which some of his friends had proposed to offer him. He pleads the necessity of attention to his private affairs. His un-friends say that he dare not risk a defeat; but want of political courage is not his weakness.

AN antediluvian BOB INGERSOLL, when refused admission to the Ark, remarked, that, so far as he saw, it was not going to be much of a shower, after all. Mr. Chairman COOPER concedes a vote of about twenty-five thousand to the Independent ticket this year. What has become of the fifty thousand who voted for Mr. WOLFE, he does not tell us,—nor yet what to expect of the fifty thousand who voted against Mr. WOLFE, but had made up their minds, before the Philadelphia convention, to vote against Mr. BEAVER. Mr. COOPER should take care, or the public will slate him alongside Mr. JOHN P. THOMPSON and *The World's* arithmetic man.



Has it ever occurred to Mr. COOPER to ask what is the worth of the practical support which the Independent movement is getting from outside the State? The people of Pennsylvania are a newspaper-reading people. Before election-day, they will be awake to the fact that Republicans in all parts of the country are looking to see them throw off the CAMERON yoke, and that no man who votes for the ticket of the CAMERON convention will be regarded as possessed of either self-respect or a decent regard for the opinion of mankind.

OUR Democratic friends in this State should not take things too easy as regards their nominations this year. A great many things may happen before election-day; anything, indeed, except one,—the withdrawal of the Independent ticket. It is, therefore, not the year for the Democrats to put up any sort of a party hack or a rich man mounted on a barrel. They have good men in plenty to choose from. Mr. PATTISON, of this city, would run well; so would Mr. FURMAN SHEPARD, whose career as District Attorney earned for him general respect. Judge TRUNKEY is another able and honorable Democrat. If the candidate be one of these or such as these, the chances of the party to beat the Independents will be by no means despicable; for it is just possible that the candidacy of General BEAVER and his friends on the CAMERON ticket may cost us votes enough to give the Democrats a plurality. But, if there is to be another candidate after the fashion of Mr. NOBLE, nothing will hold the better class of Democratic voters from supporting the Independent ticket.

THE New York Legislature has adjourned amid scenes of disgraceful disorder which remind us of old times in the Pennsylvania Legislature. One of the last and most disgraceful acts of the House was to refuse to impeach Judge WESTBROOK. Upon the guilt or innocence of this official, we do not pronounce. But that his own letters furnished *prima facie* reasons for putting him on his trial, seems to be beyond question. Every man who voted for his acquittal stands before the public as a man of low ideas of official duty, and for every such man the people should look out at the polls.

It is observed that the young men did best in the Legislature, an experience which exactly corresponds to that of Pennsylvania, and which is full of hope for the country. Philadelphia's best representatives in the last Legislature were young men,—such as Mr. LAW, a Republican in the House, and Mr. GORDON, a Democrat in the Senate. The new generation of politicians do not fall easily into the lines of corrupt management. They have sucked in contempt for "rings" and "bosses" with their mother's milk. The public opinion in which they have grown up demands a loftier ideal of public life. They incline to break away from party lines, and to think and act for themselves. It was the united action of the young Democrats and the young Republicans which made young Mr. SETH LOW Mayor of Brooklyn. Young men make the staple of the Independent movement in Pennsylvania.

THE Ohio Republican Convention was of the mild and non-committal character which is supposed to furnish a good preliminary to a safe campaign. Mr. FACING-BOTH-WAYS was elected from many constituencies, and wrote the platform. It eulogizes Mr. GARFIELD, and then expresses "confidence" in the man who is undoing all Mr. GARFIELD's work. It endorses Governor FOSTER, because he has reduced the State debt, reproves the Russian outrages on the Jews, reaffirms the principle of protection to American industry, declares that the liquor business should "bear its share of the public burdens," and that the Constitution should be amended for the purpose of removing any obstacles to the taxation of this interest. On any matter of reform in our political methods, nothing is said, and the plank in regard to the liquor business is just strong enough to alienate the German vote, without attracting that of the Temperance party. It is distinctly weaker than the action taken by the Legislature, and represents the fright caused by secessions of German voters.

THE Independent Liberals of North Carolina, a combination of Republicans with bolting Democrats, have held their convention and nominated a combination ticket. The pith of the movement is in the clause of the platform which denounces "sumptuary laws," and especially the prohibition act of the last General Assembly. As the proposal

to make Prohibition the law of the State was voted down last year, we do not see that this can be regarded as a very live issue. Much better are the demands for a reform of the county system of government, by making the officials more directly responsible to the people, for "a free ballot and a fair count" in all elections, and for the appropriation of the internal revenue from whiskey to the promotion of popular education. But it marks a Southern latitude that the convention thinks State officers should have the disbursement of this money.

WILMINGTON follows the example of many American cities in taking its mayor from the party of the minority, in order to secure municipal reform. This is the significance of the Republican victory in that city, as in Brooklyn and Boston. The disposition to sunder local from national politics grows with every day.

THE election in Oregon does not seem to show that the Republicans have lost much on the Pacific Coast because a minority of their Congressmen opposed the Chinese exclusion bill. The State is fickle in political attachment; but the Republicans have carried it again. It is true that the Chinese question was not brought forward as an issue. But, if it could have been made an issue, the Democrats would not have failed to do so.

MR. JULIUS CHAMBERS, the Philadelphia correspondent of *The Herald*, has been condemned to pay a heavy fine for asserting that Senator MACPHERSON was implicated corruptly in Mr. SHIPHERD's Peruvian schemes. For the sake of the public press, we are glad of a decision which reminds our news-mongers that they are responsible for the use they make of the names of men in public life. But we regret, that, of the great amount of misrepresentation and hasty accusation which has been current about this scandal and others like it, one offence only has been punished. After all, the average correspondent will infer only that it is not safe to show Mr. CHAMBERS's frankness in dealing with names, and that insinuations equally blameworthy and equally mischievous are safer weapons.

IN foreign politics, the interest of Europe still centres in Egypt. The events of the surface are insignificant, the chief being the call for a conference at Constantinople to bring the European concert to bear on the situation. But to this the Porte offers a resistance which seems to confirm the fear that there is an understanding between the Pashas of Stamboul and ARABI Pasha in Alexandria. England and France are disagreed as to the propriety of getting the Sultan to send troops into Egypt. Neither of them will send soldiers of their own, because they fear that the landing of a contingent would be the signal for a massacre of the foreigners. They have sent ironclads, but without any visible effect. France, however, sees that the presence of Turkish troops in Egypt would only add to the embarrassment. If the Turks were sure to leave as soon as they had effected what was wanted, all would be well. But, if they stayed, and kept Egypt under the direct power of the Sultan, the foreign control would be in a worse plight than at present.

Altogether, it is a pleasure to a well-regulated nation to contemplate the complex of difficulties in which France and England have involved themselves in their effort to sacrifice a people to a canal and a debt.

THE Irish repression bill makes its way slowly through Parliament, meeting at every step in committee the resistance of the Irish Home Rulers and the advanced section of the English Radicals. This opposition may be expected to culminate when the clauses which provide for the suppression of newspapers and the dispersion of meetings is reached. It is far from improbable that the Government will be obliged to recede from its position on these heads; but the bill, however amended, imposes on the Irish Members and their constituencies the necessity of a continual resistance to the GLADSTONE Ministry and all its doings.

#### GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

A GENERATION is passing away. The illustrious names which appear, month after month, in the obituaries, are but the summit-peaks of a great mass of humanity that accompanied them in life and escorts them in death. Those who were making

the world's history in 1830-48 are vanishing out of that history. THIERS, RUSSELL, MICHELET, BRYANT, MAURICE, GREELEY, CHEVALIER, MAZZINI, CARLYLE, EMERSON, STANLEY, DARWIN, LONGFELLOW, GARIBALDI, have gone. Soon it will be VICTOR HUGO, MOLTKE, BISMARCK, GLADSTONE, LOUIS BLANC; and the places that know them will know them no more.

No figure in the passing generation is more picturesque than GARIBALDI'S. He was a man born to attract the eyes and the sympathy of his fellows. His life was acted on the world's stage, and, for the most part, with the world's applause. On the whole, he merited the applause. There were grave faults in his career. He had not the sobriety of judgment which should attend great undertakings. In later life, he became egotistically arrogant in his dealings with those who ventured to differ from him. But, withal, his life was a singularly noble and unselfish one. He was, like King DAVID, thrown upon a career in which he might have sunk to the level of the mere soldier of fortune. Like DAVID, he escaped that temptation through a devotion to ideal ends; but, also like DAVID, his character suffered in some directions through the absence of the best environment.

It was GARIBALDI'S chief merit that he was capable of taking fire from a great idea. He was not a man likely to originate ideas; but, fortunately for himself, he fell under the influence of GIUSEPPE MAZZINI in his early youth. Up to that time, he had been a simple Italian sailor. MAZZINI made him the knight-errant of Italy and of liberty. CARLYLE describes Bishop ADALBERT of Prague as a man "laid hold of by a transcendent message in the due transcendent degree." It was thus that the new gospel of nationality laid hold of GARIBALDI. It became a part of his life and lifted him out of the old range and sweep of a Genoese sailor's ideas. It vivified all his talents and intensified his powers. It became the ruling passion of his life. In his fourteen years' exile in South America, in his brief struggle in 1848-50 for Piedmont first and then for Rome, in his nine years' exile to our own country, he saw the unity and liberty of his nation as an ideal in the far distance, and inspired other men with his own faith and hope. He was, first of all, a nationalist. "I care not," said he, "whether Italy is to be a republic or a monarchy, so that it be a united Italy, with a people free to choose their own government."

In 1859-60 came the grandest chapter of his career, when NAPOLEON and VICTOR EMMANUEL gave him the opportunity to work to some purpose for his great object. His achievements in the North of Italy were not remarkable. The inconsequent war which ended at Villa Franca gave him no opportunity to show what was in him or to justify the military reputation he had earned, ten years before, in the ineffectual defence of Rome. It was his wonderful career in the South of Italy, in 1860, which showed of what he was capable. No other man of our times could have done the work. It furnishes us with one of those wonderful instances of the infectious influence of personal enthusiasm which raises our ideas of what is possible to men who are genuinely in earnest. May 27th, he landed on the coast of Sicily, near Palermo, with two small steamers full of his volunteers; September 9th, he proclaimed VICTOR EMMANUEL in Naples. It is true that the King and CAVOUR doubted his loyalty and feared his influence, and that they recalled him from a territory which, but for his efforts, never would have obeyed their authority. But they could not rob him of the glory of having done more than all other men for the unity of Italy; and to this glory he added that of obedience to their contemptible order, although at Turin he threw his glove into CAVOUR'S face.

GARIBALDI was not so great in success as in adversity. Few men have the equable temper which makes them equal to both. In his later years, the readiness, and even thankfulness, with which he accepted service in the Italian army in 1867 is the best

chapter; the most unhappy is the ill-judged battle of Aspromonte, fought, in defiance of all prudence, to wrest Rome from the French and the Pope. He was right in holding that Italy must have its ancient capital, and that "the rule of the monk" must cease on the peninsula; but wrong in not seeing that the fruit must fall into the lap of Italy whenever the corrupt rule of the Second French Empire drew to its end.

Priest-rule was Garibaldi's *bête noir*. He knew it at first hand as the worst possible sort of government. He showed no quarter to its iniquities. But it is to be regretted that he had not his master MAZZINI'S balance of judgment in dealing with it. He did not, like MAZZINI, distinguish between Christianity and those who misrepresent it. He never echoed the great man's cry, "God and the people!" He exalted the people into a god, and at times he had reason enough to say bitter things of his new deity. Yet he was not by nature closed to religious impressions. The burst of grief-stricken prayer, on finding his first wife a corpse on the shores of Venetia, shows this. He is one more instance of a man of noble instincts and high purposes turned away from the truths which most ennoble life, by the misconduct of those who put themselves forward as the representatives and guardians of those truths.

#### MR. LEAR'S LETTER.

THE chairman of the Harrisburg convention, Mr. LEAR, does not mean to attend the new meeting of that convention called by the chairman of the State Committee, and explains his reasons at some length in a letter to Mr. COOPER. His first is that the State Committee never ordered the reassembling of the convention. The representative of Bucks County informs Mr. LEAR that he received no notice of any meeting of the Committee; and, if this be true of a member close at hand, it may be inferred that the more distant members were not troubled with requisitions to come to Philadelphia. This, of itself, gives an interesting insight into "machine" methods under the CAMERON rule. It is not even the party machinery that controls. It is the pure autocracy of an hereditary ruler, exercised through obedient henchmen like Mr. COOPER.

Mr. LEAR'S second point is, that, the convention having adjourned *sine die*, the Committee has no power to recall it to life. To assume that it has is to ascribe to the Committee more power than inhered in the body which created it. And to attempt its re-vivification, under the circumstances, is a gross breach of faith. The vicious manner of choosing conventions, the vicious basis of representation in them, were points conceded as grievances, not only in the Philadelphia peace conference, but in the Harrisburg convention, itself. To call together a convention which conceded that it was wrongly constituted, and which promised a reform in this respect for the future, is to give the fullest sanction to the charge that the declarations of the Harrisburg convention were a mere pretence for political effect. As a self-respecting member of the Harrisburg convention, Mr. LEAR declines to take any part in the new session. He will not stultify himself before the Commonwealth and the country by an avowal that he has been playing the part of a political humbug.

It will be admitted that all this is very significant, as coming from the chairman of the Harrisburg convention and one of the longest-headed, practical politicians in the State. Mr. LEAR is no Independent. He still retains for the Harrisburg convention and its candidates a respect which we altogether fail to understand. He looks upon the failure of Mr. MARSHALL to retain his place on that ticket as opening the way to measures of conciliation between the two wings of the party. But he will not shut his eyes to two plain facts. The first is the strength of the Independent movement: "The organized opposition to our ticket—not to the party,—is respectable in character, formidable in numbers, and dangerous



to our success. It is not of that ephemeral and unsubstantial character that it can be lightly 'whistled down the wind.' And it is Republican and sustains Republican principles, and, for the most part, those concerned in it desire the continued supremacy of the Republican party; but it is madness to close our eyes to the fact that the breach is a wide one, and growing in magnitude, and that it is the result of objectionable methods. What was last year a mere fissure is now a broad chasm." The second fact which Mr. LEAR will not ignore is that Mr. CAMERON cannot continue to rule the Republican party in this State, if that party is to continue its supremacy in the State: "His name is the 'red flag' to all Independents, and to all Republicans of independent tendencies. He is the only obstacle to perfect harmony within the party. He is the objective point of the Independent revolt, and against his political methods the opposition is organized. He has done more to confirm those who believed in their views, and to spread the belief in others, since the convention of Independents, than they could have done during their whole campaign." In his recent visit to Philadelphia, "he did just what the Independents would like him to repeat every week. His every expression, his whole tone and manner, showed that he regarded this campaign as his, the party as his property, and the result of this contest as his victory or defeat." In Mr. LEAR's view, the convention, as reassembled, will be "CAMERON's convention" in a sense which was not true of it before. It meets because he has overborne all the efforts towards a conciliatory policy. To the renewal of these efforts,—i. e., to the deposition of Mr. CAMERON,—he invites his wing of the party.

We regard Mr. LEAR's letter as an exceedingly important contribution to practical politics. It comes from a man who never has been suspected of vague or theoretical views. And it puts the practical issue squarely before every Republican voter: "Is the Republican party of Pennsylvania to be sacrificed to the ambition of Mr. CAMERON?" Anyone who does not choose to shut his eyes to the facts, sees that the party is marching to certain defeat. Whether the victory is to be with the Independents or the Democrats, the Independent movement already is strong enough to prevent the election of the ticket put forward by the Harrisburg convention. The practical course, however, is not that indicated by Mr. LEAR; viz., to take such steps as will satisfy the Independents, and thus lead to a fusion of the two wings of the party. It is to give the Independent ticket the support to which it is entitled, and thus secure to the Commonwealth the continuance of Republican rule. To that we believe our friends in the party, but not in the "ring," will come before election-day.

#### WEEKLY NOTES.

THE London *Economist* states, on special information, that the Cape of Good Hope exported last year diamonds to the value of \$22,500,000. The bulk went to Holland, to be cut, and subsequently were mainly distributed among Paris, Vienna and New York. It is but twelve years since Cape diamonds were first exported. The *Economist* discovers in this trade the explanation of the steady flow of specie to the Cape of late years. A large proportion of these stones found their way to America, where the demand is now greater than anywhere else. That very fine stones are just now not easily sold in Europe, is evident from the fact that GARRARDS, the great London jewellers, had to break up Lord BEACONSFIELD's star lately. The constant and successful robberies in England of late years are believed to have had a bad effect on sales in this line.

THERE may be numbers of persons destined to look back on the year 1882 as a period of splendid prosperity; but it is quite certain that they are neither among the fixed income nor the salaried class, and the latter contains a very large proportion of the community. A rise of from ten to twenty per cent. in rents is now followed by a rise, likely to continue, of like amount in meat, which causes trouble in thousands of modest households. Indeed, even the solitary restaurant-diner finds a most perceptible increase in his expenses. Those so fortunate as to be plumbers, painters, carpenters, etc., took time by the forelock in the matter, and, by a judiciously-timed strike, which the other craftsmen are now imitating, amply indemnified themselves against the im-

pending movement, thus exhibiting a forethought, and an energy in carrying it into action, which, to do them justice, are seldom lacking in their proceedings. But the salaried host has no such facilities of relief. They see their small means steadily diminishing, however much those of their employers may grow.

THE advance in prices of "marketing" during the week has been a source of serious worry to multitudes of people of moderate means. The advance seems to have started and to have been dominated by the price of beef; but the whole list of table supplies sympathized therewith, and there has been a general rise of from six to ten per cent. in nearly all the articles of most common use. This is depressing to the poor man and a matter of moment to anyone. Wages are not proportionately raised to meet the constant increase of the cost of living, so that the natural turn of the business is either debt, smaller accumulations, or less outlay upon needed bodily or mental supplies. Its ulterior and most crushing effect is that the growers, and, most of all, the middlemen, retain a part of the ground they have captured in each successive advance. A sudden rise of prices like the present may not be altogether maintained; but neither, in the, perhaps, inevitable recoil, is it altogether given up. The cold, backward spring is given out as the cause of these exceptional prices; but it will be found in the reaction that beef will not go back, say, from thirty-five to thirty cents a pound, whence it started, but to thirty-two cents; and so through all the list. It has been so in each of these small crises, and the result is the overwhelming, continuous advance, amounting, in the experience of middle-aged people, to an average of prices fully double those of twenty years ago. The contradiction between such a state of things and the wealth of the country and its unbounded opportunities for labor, is very striking.

WE read in *Truth* (London):

"Don't fancy genius will serve to title, cross or star win;  
Why, think of DICKENS, FARADAY, CARLYLE, or GROTE, or DARWIN."

As a matter of truth (not *Truth*), DICKENS was offered a baronetcy, CARLYLE the grand cross of the Bath, and GROTE a peerage; while there is little doubt that both FARADAY and DARWIN might have had distinctions, had it been supposed that they would care one button about them.

THE sale of the JUMEL mansion and other property in New York promised to be the great real estate event of the year, and great interest centred in it, not in New York alone, but in other cities, where it was believed prices would be more or less affected by the figures obtained. The result of the sale last week and in the early part of this week did not altogether equal expectations, and, after disposing of a number of lots, the auctioneer declared the sale adjourned until autumn. About seven hundred thousand dollars have been so far realized, the owners believing that at least one million dollars should have been obtained for the lots sold. Something more than a third of the estate has been disposed of. While the prices of the up-town lots, in the Harlem district, were below the calculation, there were some features of the sale which more than met expectation. Thus, the lot at the northeast corner of Broadway and Liberty Streets, the sale of which was looked forward to with concern, as it was thought the figure would probably determine values in that high-priced locality, brought, or fetched, as our English cousins say, three hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars, being at the rate of one hundred and fifteen dollars a square foot. Holders are not nervous in view of this price, which is the best that any down-town property has sold for in a long time. The mansion between One Hundred and Sixtieth and One Hundred and Sixty-First Streets sold for forty-five thousand dollars,—also considered a good price. This quaint house was erected in 1763 by Colonel ROGER MORRIS, and is one of the most notable old mansions in or about New York. It was WASHINGTON's residence at various times, and its fine situation, harmonious proportions and romantic history make it a place of mark. New Yorkers felicitate themselves over the fact that it was bought by Mr. NELSON CHASE, who married a niece of Madame JUMEL, who will reside in it and keep it in its ancient state.

#### SUPERSTITIONS.

"IF anyone shall, with an entire new knife, cut asunder a lemon, using words expressive of hatred, contumely or dislike against any individual, the absent party, though at an unlimited distance, feels a certain inexpressible and cutting anguish of the heart, together with a cold chilliness and failure throughout the body." It seems scarcely possible that these words should have been gravely written in the year 1800, in a work purporting to be a serious and scientific exposition of the various occult properties of nature, the power of spells and enchantments, and all the mysteries of natural magic. There is no department of thought in which we are so widely removed from the thought of the past as in the conception of the processes of nature. We seem not so very far remote from the political England of Pitt and Burke; we are somewhat further from the social England of the same period; but the distance between the scientific England of the last century and the present day is a great gulf. In philosophy, mathematics, astronomy

and anatomy, genius and labor had achieved great things; but biology, the interpreter of the phenomena of life itself, was scarcely recognized as a department of science. It had not yet explained the subtler functions of matter, and the old belief that an animating principle, or soul, was infused into even inorganic substances, seemed to make possible many mysterious agencies which required no more substantial basis than an ingenious *à priori* demonstration. Francis Barrett, himself, the author of the above-quoted curious work, quaintly bears testimony to what he considered the revival of a taste for scientific inquiry in his day: "We feel ourselves happy in being able to say that the taste for learning and arts, notwithstanding the follies of the age, was never more prevalent than in the present time. The year 1801 commenced an age of flourishing science, in which even our females seem to wish to bear a part; instance a lady of quality, who went in her carriage to Foster Lane, Cheapside, and bought a portable blacksmith's forge for her private amusement. Her person was strong and athletic, and very fit for the manual practice of handling iron and working other metallic experiments." It is not probable that the experiments of this athletic "lady of quality" were conducted quite in the spirit of modern scientific inquiry, from which Barrett himself stood religiously aloof; but it is true that most of the discoveries which make superstitions impossible have been achieved in this century. "Superstition," says Cornelius Agrippa, "requires credulity, as religion requires faith;" and, though neither superstition nor credulity had been discredited in his day by the cold breath of skeptical inquiry, yet belief now is only sparingly doled out when unimpeachable security of evidence is offered.

Apart from the horrible persecutions of witchcraft with which we are all familiar, we hardly realize, at this distance of time, the revolting cruelties to which the superstitious spirit gave rise. The hideous records of vivisection, itself, scarcely reveal a more repulsive list of atrocities than the annals of superstitious rites and ceremonies. The proceedings of Professors Goltz, Schiff, or Magendie, though they present a record of more enlightened cruelty, are hardly more ghastly, and, it is to be feared, but little more useful, than some of the recommendations which Barrett gravely delivers: "Hence this general rule, that, whatever things are taken for magical uses from animals, whether they are members, hairs, nails, or anything else, must be taken from the animals while they are alive and if it is possible that they may live afterwards. If you take the tongue of a frog, you put the frog into water again; and Democritus writes, that, if anyone shall take out the tongue of a water-frog, no other part of the animal sticking to it, and lay it against the place where the heart beats of a woman, she is compelled against her will to answer whatever questions you shall ask her. Also, take the eyes of a frog, which shall be extracted before sunrise and bound to the sick party, and the frog be let go again blind into the water; the party shall be cured of a tertian ague. So, the right eye of a serpent, being applied to soreness of the eyes, cures the same if the serpent be let go alive. So, likewise, the tooth of a mole, being taken out alive and afterwards let go, cures the tooth-ache; and dogs will never bark at those who have the tail of a weasel that has escaped." Also, Cornelius Agrippa says, that, "to preserve the vines from the wrong of the south wind, a most certain way has been found, if, while the wind blows, a white cock should be pulled in pieces in the middle by two men; both, while keeping their part, must walk round the vineyard, and, both meeting in the place where they began their circuit, must in that place bury the pieces of the cock;" and so on, *ad nauseam*. It seems strange that such beliefs should have been religiously handed down from generation to generation, when their futility must have been so frequently demonstrated; but the desire to be mystified and deluded has always been stronger in the popular mind than the pure love of truth for its own sake. The avidity with which the cheap clap-net of spiritualism, which could only impose on minds in a most obstinately receptive state, is received by thousands, is a modern instance of this instinct.

One of the favorite forms of superstition, and one which has most distinctly survived, is the belief in omens, which still command a sort of half faith among the uneducated in European countries. Man is naturally so egotistic and so preoccupied with his own destiny that he fancies nature cannot be wholly indifferent to his individual lot, and tries to read the riddle of his fate in her mysterious pages, discerning omens for good and for ill in the ordinary phenomena that surround him. The omens of evil are more numerous than those of good, as there has always been a tendency in human nature to take credit to itself for its successes and to let fate and the stars be responsible for the failures. The number of omens and presages that were credited in superstitious ages was sufficient to have taxed the memory of an ordinary mortal; but generally persons whose minds were so burdened applied their memories to little else. Many of the more modern superstitions can be traced back to Egypt and the early days of Greece and Rome, and have survived with but slight modifications. It is a familiar fact that the prejudice against May marriages had its origin in the Roman custom of considering unlawful marriages celebrated during the feast of the Lupercalia, which fell in the month of May. The origin of the evil significance of the number thirteen, and the unlucky influence of Friday, is too well known to need more than reference. Birds were the principal instruments of augury and divination to the Romans, and many of

the attributes they associated with them still survive in popular superstitions. The screech-owl is still accounted a bird of ill omen, swans are considered a sign of good fortune, the croaking of crows is significant of evil, a single daw indicates a single life to anyone that meets it, and a whole volume of poetical associations is suggested by the stork, the "*hausfreund*" of the Middle Ages, and an omen of concord and prosperity. The eagle was, of course, the emblem of victory and sovereignty; vultures foretold slaughter; night-ravens betokened misfortune and death; the magpie announced guests, as it was a talkative creature; swallows foretold a patrimony or a legacy; the crane betokened treachery; the heron was of ill augury; a hawk flying over the head signified death or destruction; little birds, by their coming or going, showed that a family should be increased or diminished. Almost all animals had some occult significance attached to them. It was accounted unlucky to meet a hare, a weasel, a horse, a mule, a castor, or a hog. It was fortunate to meet a sheep, a goat, a dog, a lion, or a wolf (provided one was not devoured, meanwhile, by the more ferocious portents of good). Rats gnawing one's clothing conveyed a warning to desist from an undertaking; mice foretold danger; locusts were unlucky; grasshoppers were fortunate, and promoted a journey; a spider spinning downwards signified money to come; snakes gave warning of an ill-tongued enemy. To stumble against the threshold was also an ill omen.

Different stones were conceived to have special virtues; the sapphire preserved against fever and diseases of the eye, the amethyst against drunkenness, the jasper against forbidden imaginations, the emerald against sensuality, the agate against poison. The topaz protected its wearer from covetousness and all sorts of excess; the chrysolite was considered good for the lungs and cured asthma; the carbuncle warded off poisonous vapors; the jacinth also had a virtue against poisons and pestilences, and made the bearer acceptable and pleasing; the stone heliotropium made the wearer famous and renowned, and conducted to long life.

The most powerful and mystic of all the occult forces of nature lay in the stars, and upon a knowledge of their periods and peculiar virtues and influences the whole intricate science of astrology, and the successful working of spells and enchantments, depended. Each planet had its special times and seasons, and to it were consecrated certain stones, plants and animals, which were under its influence; as, for example, to Jupiter belonged tin, silver and gold, the beryl, sapphire, emerald and jasper; among plants, the basil, mace, spike, mint, violet, henbane, the poplar, oak, beech, hazel, fig, pear, apple, vine, olive, corn, barley, sugar, and May fruits; among animals, the elephant, hart, sheep, partridge, pheasant, swallow, stork, cuckoo, eagle, and the dolphin. The poetic imagination of Sir Walter Scott had a marked affinity for the picturesque ritual of natural magic, and his novels show a sympathetic knowledge of some of the mysteries of the black art, and a tender memory of the superstitions of his countrymen, who were much inclined to accept supernatural solutions. Among the beliefs connected with the moon, there was a curious one worth mentioning: "If anyone shall take images artificially painted, or written letters, and in a clear night set them against the beams of the full moon, whose resemblances being multiplied in the air are caught upward and reflected back with the beams of the moon, any man that is privy to the thing at a long distance sees, reads and knows them in the very circle and compass of the moon; which art," the writer adds, "is very profitable for towns and cities besieged." Unfortunately, the secret of this remarkable optical phenomenon has not descended to modern times, or besieged Paris could have dispensed with the cumbrous and risky device of balloon ascensions. The annals of superstition present us with heroes in all departments of the marvellous, and among others was a worthy rival of Dr. Tanner's recent exploits, a certain Dr. Edward Spry of Plymouth Dock, whose name is very indicative of the elasticity of his constitution, a "philosopher, cabalist and physician," whom Barrett claims to have known personally, and who "lived for two years upon a gooseberry a day through the summer season, and upon an oat-cake and three glasses of white wine through the winter."

America is not a soil where superstitions flourish. Our population is too busy, too self-reliant, too self-made and too shrewd to trust to stars or signs for good or ill fortune. Some Old World superstitions are annually imported with the foreign population that streams in upon us every year; but they take but little hold on the succeeding generation, as the public school system of education does not foster such picturesque imaginings. The only genuine, characteristic superstitions to be found in this country linger among the negroes, who still cling to a great many curious private beliefs and survivals of old heathen practices. Nor is this confined to the more ignorant negroes of the South; but even in the Northern cities there are to be found practitioners of the old Voodoo rites and incantations, which they surreptitiously perform, and they are privately resorted to by the people of their race, who have great faith in their powers and in the efficacy of their spells, and charms, and enchantments. But, even in its more remote strongholds, superstition is rapidly passing away as a practical belief, and will soon be wholly a thing of the past. Knowledge is power, as we all know, and light is a beautiful thing; but too much light and too much knowledge are fatal to the imagination, which is a plant that only thrives in the shade.



The delusive morning mists that clothed the distant valley with mystery and enchantment float away before the strengthening sun, and at noon-day we have clear vision; but all the beautiful dimness and mystery are gone.

### "A LITTLE MUSIC."

MRS. LEO HUNTER no longer affects to patronize literature. Music and so-called musical people have been taken under her wing, and her "evenings" are the topic of fashionable gossip and of society intelligence in the newspapers. In due time, everyone must have his chance, and, if you will but patiently await yours, you shall ride your hobby to your heart's content, even in Mrs. Hunter's spacious parlors. Her musical entertainments are conceived and carried out on the plan of her once famous literary gatherings. They are for those who trifle with the art, and whose slight knowledge serves its purpose if it but ministers to the vanity of its possessors,—young men and women who have little love and less taste for the "art divine," but who have managed to pick up enough of surface knowledge to enable them to figure on the programme of the dreary parlor concert, and whose efforts, feeble as they are, yet arouse the envy of some of the still more ignorant listeners. Perhaps, too, while they make the judicious griever, such concerts sometimes afford amusement; that they furnish a sort of agreeable excitement is evident from the frequency with which they occur.

The fault is not in that these idle people have directed their listless attention to music, nor that they are not, each and all of them, clever musicians. The objection is to the pretence and flummery that characterize the average parlor concert. A few friends may meet to entertain each other musically, whether it be with operatic selections, more or less florid, with glees or madrigals, or with instrumental trios or quartettes; and, although the performance be ever so indifferent, if singers or players are doing their best with the best music that they understand, their meetings must needs be improving, refining, restful. Should they ask in a few friends as listeners, they will simply be extending the radius of sunshine, and in the sincere applause of their audience will find a new incentive to study. Some of our most delightful memories are of just such musical evenings in cosy, comfortable homes, where, although we could not take part in the performance, we yet knew there was a welcome for us. The reader of Moscheles' "Recent Music and Musicians," or of Sebastian Hensel's "Mendelssohn Family," will pleasantly recall the accounts of the meetings in which, although the music was of the kind which ordinary mortals cannot hear without paying for it, there was the great charm of the absence of formality. Now, if we cannot have a Moscheles, a Mendelssohn, or a Fanny Hensel, at the piano,—if we cannot have a Malibran to sing for us or romp with the youngsters,—if neither Joachim nor Piatti will drop in for a quiet cup of tea and a little music afterward,—we can, nevertheless, get our share of pleasure out of music, if we rightly set about it. We, all of us, spend too much of our time in other people's houses, and, as a consequence, sometimes overlook the resources of our own homes. If you really care for music, and want to have it about you, devote one evening of every week or fortnight to your musical friends. Ask only those who, whether they be singers or players, love the art for art's sake, and let those who care to listen come if they will. It will not be long before you will note an improvement in the quality of the performance and, if you have started with the trivial, an earnest desire to employ yourselves with good works, worthy of all the study you can give to them. If you admit a flute-player, he will, it is to be hoped, soon find that there is but little he can do for you, and will, in due season, gravitate to his proper sphere,—the amateur orchestra. Amateur tenors are sometimes quite tractable, and, as a rule, you can take the conceit out of them by giving them something to read *à prima vista*. For this purpose, a quartette for mixed voices is preferable; for then the tenor cannot always be singing a tune. If you mean to keep up the interest in your musical evenings, beware of finery and flummery; for, as soon as you give yourself over to Dame Fashion, the spirit of the affair will be changed, and Mrs. Leo Hunter will again rule the roost.

And how is it at one of Mrs. Hunter's little *musicales*? In the first place, it is not "little," except in the amount of good music that is given. The guests number a hundred or more,—the ladies in ravishing toilets, pretty faces and ugly ones, vacuity and intelligence, side by side; escorting them are nice young men and elderly beaux, who, when they are not talking loud enough to annoy the few who care to listen, seem dreadfully bored. Then, too, there is a contingent of youths who do not seem to know why they have come, unless it be to air their crush hats, and who impress you with the idea that they are exactly equal to the arduous task they have undertaken.

The performance begins. A young lady struggles with the difficulties of a *fantasia* by Liszt. There is nothing to be said, except that she cannot play it, and, therefore, does not. However, she remains at the piano long enough to get through with it, and has succeeded in giving what might be recognized as a caricature of the piece. The harmonies have been changed now and then, not because of any dissent from the composer's ideas, but simply because, striking out blindly, she has grasped the wrong chords. She leaves the piano, fluttering and blushing, and is at once overwhelmed with praise by those who have hardly

listened to her playing. Then, from the rear end of the room, comes No. 2. She has chosen that distant seat so that the largest possible number of the assembled guests may behold her gorgeous raiment as she threads her way through the audience up to the piano. She sings the "*Ah! non credea.*" It has a somewhat familiar air. The words are undistinguishable; but she manages to get through her *aria*, for the accompanist is her teacher, the noted *Signor Doremi*, who knows the weak spots, and now and then helps her with the melody. It may be remarked, in passing, that your singing amateur rarely knows enough of piano-playing to accompany the simplest ballad. This is followed by an instrumental solo, furnished by a fat, pudgy-looking person, who will insist on playing sentimental *adagios* on the violin, and who makes up for his dimly pathetic conception of the composer's meaning by being wretchedly out of tune. He has long since left youth behind him, and, unless checked by some lucky accident, will probably keep up his lackadaisical performances until second childhood overtakes him. *Herr Ecking*, a professional violinist, is so disgusted that he insists on playing his selection immediately afterward, although he has been assigned a place further on in the programme. With fine, self-satisfied air, he begins his solo, and, strange to say, although he played it to perfection the day before, in his own room and when no one was listening, he is as badly out of tune as was the amateur. His piece is more pretentious, however, and, as a specimen of what may be called the epileptic school of violin-playing, will do very well.

But why go on? There is more singing, more playing, a noisy overture for three pianos, a malignant attack of flute *arpeggios à la Briccialdi*, and a melancholy violoncello solo; at last, the concert is at an end, and supper is announced.

Now and then, Mrs. Hunter inveigles some clever, struggling artist, who is flattered by her invitation, and sees preferment and engagements ahead in consequence. His presence lends a value to the entertainment which otherwise it would have lacked. He is delighted with his entrance into "society," and, when, a few days later, he meets some of the ladies to whom he has been presented, he is not a little surprised to find that his respectful bow is met by a cold stare of ignorance. As a foreigner, he cannot be blamed for not knowing the ways of those who consider themselves our best people. He is asked to Mrs. Hunter's again and again, and has even been one of the guests at a dinner party, when some music was wanted of him afterward. Let him but give a concert, and Mrs. Hunter will show how far her devotion to art and artists will carry her. On the day of the performance, he receives a polite note informing him how sorry she is that other engagements prevent her from attending, and in a little package accompanying the note he finds the exact number of tickets he had sent her.

Why should she go out of her way to help him along? She has used him, it is true, to help entertain her guests; but she will not need him next season, for she must then have new attractions. The parlor concerts will, of course, be continued by her; for in what other way can she so cheaply entertain a large company?

### THE CORRESPONDENCE OF GEORGE SAND.

PARIS, May 25.

THE first volume of the correspondence of George Sand, recently published by Calmann-Lévy, consists of a selection of the great authoress's letters from 1812 to 1836. As the book contains neither notes nor preface, we cannot say on what principle the selection has been made; we can simply state that it comprises only a very small portion of George Sand's letters, written during the early years of her life in Paris. The reader may be aware that the announcement of the publication of this correspondence, some eighteen months ago, gave rise to a vigorous controversy in the Parisian press. Would the famous Musset-Sand correspondence be published? Would George Sand's letters to Chopin be included in the collection? M. Jules Troubat, the literary executor of Paul de Musset, the brother of Alfred, maintained that George Sand had burned all Alfred de Musset's letters. On the other hand, it was proved that M. Alfred Hédouin had in his possession some authentic letters and verses of George Sand to Musset. These documents were given to him by Marie Dorval, the famous actress, and friend of George Sand. Furthermore, it was proved that two copies were made of the Musset-Sand correspondence, and that these copies exist in the hands of some friends of George Sand. Finally, after Paul de Musset's death, a packet of his papers was deposited in the National Library, with the inscription: "To be made public in 1910." As for the Chopin-Sand correspondence, it was restored to George Sand in peculiar circumstances, too long to narrate here, by Alexander Dumas the younger, in whose presence George Sand burned the letters. These facts will explain two important *lacune* in the correspondence, as published by M. Maurice Sand, the son of the novelist and the inheritor of her notes and papers. The reader will seek in vain for any sensational or scandalous details, either in confirmation or in refutation of the accusations, recriminations and calumnies of that mysterious *liaison* which has already become the subject of a voluminous literature,—"*Lettres d'un Voyageur*" and "*Elle et Lui*," by George Sand; "*Les Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*," by Alfred de Musset; "*Lui*

et Elle," by Paul de Musset; "Lui," by Mme. Louise Colet, and other books still. In this correspondence, we find only the most discreet reference to the Italian journey of George Sand and Alfred de Musset. It is in a letter dated from Venice, April 6th, 1834, and addressed to the tutor of her son. George Sand writes: "Alfred has left for Paris, and I am going to remain here some time. He was still very delicate to undertake so long a journey. I am not without alarm as to the manner in which he will endure it; but it was more hurtful for him to remain than to leave, and each day spent in waiting for health to return retarded instead of accelerating the desired result. So he has gone at last, under the care of a zealous and devoted servant. The doctor answered for his chest, provided he took care of it; but I am not at all at my ease. We have parted, perhaps for a few weeks, perhaps forever. God knows now what will become of my head and my heart. I feel that I have strength to live, to work, to suffer."

So far, then, as scandal and piquant details are concerned, the first volume of George Sand's correspondence contains nothing. On the other hand, it shows us George Sand in three phases,—as an affectionate mother, an unhappy and ill-assorted wife, and as an emancipated woman, thirsting for liberty, for independence, for truth. The letters of George Sand to her little son, Maurice, are charming; the letters relative to her married life are not sufficiently explicit to enable us, on their evidence alone, to form any conclusion as to the merits of the case. George Sand's husband, Baron Dudevant, was a gentleman farmer who appears to have been utterly incapable of sympathizing with, or even comprehending, the complex and refined nature of his wife. He appears, further, to have been a brute; and, finally, after several years of marriage, George Sand left him and came to Paris, "to embark upon the sea of literature." During a few more years, a *modus vivendi* was accepted, and then, in 1836, a legal separation was obtained. On the other hand, these letters show that George Sand, herself, was by no means an easy person to deal with, and utterly unfitted for domestic life.

As regards the emancipated woman, I would warn readers of George Sand's novels to be on their guard. George Sand belonged to the generation of 1830,—to those early years of the reign of Louis Philippe, full of chaos, tumult and disorder, but fruitful, all the same, in great things. It was an epoch of exaggeration; it had too great hopes; it counted too much on its strength; it did not stop to listen to the pulsations of its life, but it lived, indeed. It was the epoch of Hugo, of Gautier, of Petrus Borel the lycanthropist,—the epoch of dramas in thirty acts, and of verses of forty feet,—the epoch of emancipated women, of Phalansterians, of Saint-Simonians, of Vuitrassians. George Sand was of her epoch. From the time of her arrival in the feverish movement of the Paris of 1830, the note of revolt and agony becomes more and more accentuated in her letters as in her books. She curses society, she is at war with social institutions, she is enthusiastic with the Saint-Simonians, she is sentimental and romantic, with exuberance and excess, with a dozen masculine dreamers whom one might easily mistake for her lovers. I do not say that George Sand was insincere, either in her letters or in her books; but she had this in common with all the men of that time,—that she was always *en représentation*. She seems to have felt, like the rest of them, a sovereign need of astonishing simple folk, of affecting strange airs, strange costumes, strange tones of voice. Gustave Flaubert, one of the last of this generation of 1830, had the same mania of exaggeration. You see it to some extent in his books. It was more particularly noticeable in the man himself, in his perpetual tirades against the *bourgeois* and their supposed "hatred of literature," in his selection of coarse words, and, above all, in his tonitruant voice and theatrical air. It was curious to remark the difference between Flaubert and Théophile Gautier in this respect. Gautier hated the *bourgeois* as heartily as Flaubert did, only he would express his hatred in the sweetest and mildest of tones, while Flaubert would express similar sentiments in really less severe language, but with the voice of a melodramatic actor in a popular theatre.

Interesting as are the psychological documents contained in this first volume of George Sand's correspondence, it may be regretted that the selection of letters has not been made with more discrimination, or, at least, that the editor has refrained from furnishing those connecting links necessary to make the volume interesting to the general reader. It may, however, be anticipated that future volumes will prove more generally interesting and richer in literary information. Still, in any case, out of regard for the living and for various reasons of delicacy, it will be impossible for M. Maurice Sand to publish an adequately complete edition of the letters of his illustrious mother. That privilege will be reserved for the editors of the twentieth century, for whose delectation so many treasures are in store.

#### SCIENCE.

OSWALD'S "PHYSICAL EDUCATION."\*

BOOKS on health are becoming numerous and quite various, from the elaborate treatises of Parkes and Cameron, or the special manuals of Pavy, Letheby, Teale, or Corfield, down to the pocket

health-primers, American and foreign. Yet, if all were good, there are none too many to correct the common ignorance and still more prevailing indifference upon so important a subject.

Reading, before taking up Dr. Oswald's book, a notice of it in the *Popular Science Monthly*, the height of eulogy therein conveyed excited expectation. It is there called "one of the most wholesome and valuable books," "a boon to benighted multitudes;" benevolent people are advised to "buy it wholesale," and give it away generally. Not finding the *Monthly* always in so tract-distributing a temper, some wonder arose why it was thus bepraised,—although, it is true, a partial explanation occurred in its being designated as "preaching the *gospel of nature*." Opening the book, then, at the introduction, the anticipation thus created did not prevent considerable surprise. Were a practical treatise on agriculture to begin with an attack on the Copernican system of astronomy, or a work on navigation with denunciation of the wave-theory of light, we could hardly see a greater degree of irrelevancy. The subject of the health laws of nature is introduced with a direct—we may fairly say, a violent,—attack on Christianity. It is, we are told, (after Schopenhauer,) "Buddhism ingrafted upon Hebrew mythology." In the first century of our chronological era, Buddhism, "the most terrible of all Oriental plagues, fell like a poison-blight upon the Eden of the Mediterranean nations." Shade of Juvenal! what an Eden was that! Think of Claudius, for example, in the rôle of Adam, and Messalina in that of Eve. Christian doctrine (not its corruption, but its "very essence," as we are assured in a note, page 8,) consists of "hell-fire and witchcraft dogmas;" its preachers are "ministers of Gehenna," its churches "mythology-schools," its scriptures the "oracle of a life-hating fanatic."

If all this were restricted to the introduction, we might suppose the book capable of rebounding without it, so as to be usable according to its merits. But the same *animus* prevails throughout; it is that of an irrepressible hatred of Christianity. On different pages, we read of the "curse of that superstition," "Hebrew Buddhism," the "doctrines of an atrabilious fanatic." Voltaire's "*Écrasez l'Infâme!*" scarcely goes farther. "Our pious civilization," we are told, is led off by an "Old Hypocrites' Christian Association of priests and prudes;" that "hideous superstition" gives us "six days of misery in the name of Mammon, balanced by one day of six-fold misery in the name of Christ." Our children must be kept quiet on Sundays, "lest even the rumor of their merriment might disturb the solemnity of an assemblage of whining bigots." The author's wrath fairly explodes against all Sabbatarianism: "Till we can repeal the Sabbath laws, let us defy them in every way and at any risk; in dealing with the despotism of the mythology-mongers, legal obligations are out of the question; the right of nature enters the lists against the right of brutal force leagued with imposture."

All this, too, in a book ostensibly designed for popular instruction upon health. The author's excuse is that Christianity (*i. e.*, "Hebrew Buddhism,") is an *anti-natural* religion, and that to it we owe all our abnormal and destructive ways of living. It is not worth while here to occupy space with a refutation of this theory of the origin of Christianity, for which neither Buddhist nor Christian can have the least respect, and which Rénan would cast aside as absurd. Nor is the charge of "anti-naturalism," brought against the religion of Jesus, any better sustained. While nearly a score of texts are cited from the New Testament to that effect, ten score might be brought to show the error of such an interpretation. We may be content with mentioning three or four passages only,—I. Timothy, iv., 4; Matthew, vi., 28-33; Luke, xii., 24; I. John, iv., 8.

Dr. Oswald speaks in praise of the "ante-Christian centuries," and alludes to the "ruin of an earlier civilization." He also refers to the "physical corruption of the non-Mohammedan inhabitants of Southern Europe and Southern Asia," and contrasts with "Hebrew Buddhism" the "manlier prophet of El Medina," whose votaries "have always preserved their physical vigor." As he clearly holds that all character is built upon bodily health, his respect for "the sick man of Europe" must be greater than that of most politicians. We would like to commit him on this subject to the tender mercies of Edward A. Freeman. Our most plausible conjecture in regard to the antecedents of the author of this book is that some hereditary prepossession, or one grown out of nativity and association, must have made it difficult for him to look with ordinary scientific complacency upon "non-Mohammedan" civilization. His hygienic axiom is that "all normal things are good; all evil is abnormal." Perfectly true. But is man, un-Christianized, in a normal state? Is he always safe, as Dr. Oswald tells us more than once, to be "trusted to the guidance of his natural instincts"? To oppose this view, it is not necessary to cite theological authorities. It is enough to refer him to John Stuart Mill's "Essay on Nature," to see how a non-theological philosopher and observer of human nature can insist on a "perpetual warring against inclination" as a necessary condition of the development of the highest humanity. Our author forgets his own axiom once in a while. Although he exceeds Jean Jacques Rousseau in his admiration of the savage life (two of the three "manliest races of the world," with him, are the Turanians of Daghestan and the Mandingoes of Senegambia), yet he admits, that, in spite of nature, cannibalism is not yet extinct in either hemisphere.

\* "Physical Education; or, The Health Laws of Nature." By Felix L. Oswald, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



Moreover, we need, to adapt ourselves to climate, "artificial means" of protection against the inclemency of nature. More striking, however, is his precept (page 237,) in regard to the management of small boys: "Do not leave them alone with elder children—not even with their own neighbors' and relatives,—till you have satisfied yourself about the character of their new friends." Why should not "nature" take care of them, and their friends, too?

Hastening to the substantial matter of this book, it must be said to contain many good things. In its vigorous antagonism to the "poison habit" of alcoholic intemperance and the use of opium, hashisch and tobacco, it is admirable. On the necessity of pure air, on the value of gymnastics, and free, out-of-door exercise for both sexes, on clothing, sleep, and "popular fallacies," with an occasional exception, all sanitarians will endorse his teachings. His vegetarianism is somewhat extreme. He is a drug-hater; he strangely ignores some commonly known facts concerning the origin of fevers, and (worst of all, for a physician,) advises (page 209,) that dysentery should be treated by "fasting and pedestrian exercise." These will fail only, he thinks, when opiates have produced an inflammatory condition. Most patients affected with this malady, and all physicians of the somewhat abused "old school," would risk for it a moderate amount of opium rather than much active pedestrianism.

Oswald's style is extremely good. Though not free from pet phrases which occur too often, his sentences are crisp and telling, and his allusions and illustrations fitting and abundant. He never tires his reader, and is sometimes almost Franklinian in his aphorisms. All this praise must be given in justice to his proper merits. Were his book expurgated of its superfluous rancor against the religion of the majority of those for whose instruction it is written, it might be made, with some corrections, one of the most entertaining and useful of popular books on health.

#### LITERATURE.

##### RECENT POLITICAL ECONOMY.

DR. WILLIAM ELDER'S "Conversations on the Principal Subjects of Political Economy" (Philadelphia: Henry Carey Baird & Co.,) has all the merits and some of the defects of his "Questions of the Day," which appeared twelve years ago. The worst defect is that Dr. Elder does not draw the line around his subject with sufficient distinctness. He wanders from economic considerations to others which have nothing to do with political economy. In this, his book is like life; but a book never can afford to be so discursive as life is. It must define its province sharply and treat of outside matters in passing only, and distinctly as outside matters. But this criticism applies to a very small part of the book.

With the general positions of Dr. Elder's book, we are in hearty agreement. As the dedication indicates, he is of the school of Alexander Hamilton, Stephen Colwell and Henry C. Carey. It is evidently not meant as a text-book for instruction, but as a book for general readers. The author is, therefore, free to dispense with dignity in the interest of liveliness. But we fear that the literary form he has adopted will rather deter than attract many readers. It is that of a dialogue between a teacher, a disputant and a pupil. The number of authors capable of good dialogue can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Indeed, but four occur to us,—Plato, Augustine, Landor and Maurice. As a consequence, books of dialogue are generally bad, the respondent being little more than a man of straw, set up to be knocked over. We fear the opponents of Mr. Elder's theories of rent, money, banking and protection—the chief themes of his work,—will have this opinion of his disputant. He does not make fight to the best of his opportunities.

Apart from this, the book is one of merit. It does the service of putting the ideas of Mr. Colwell and Mr. Carey once more before the public; it abounds in facts not generally known, some of them drawn from the writings of these two masters, while many are the result of Dr. Elder's independent study and observation; and it presents both its facts and its themes in a clear and attractive style. We wish for it a large circulation. We observe that "*sollverein*" is spelled with one "l."

Mr. Frederick B. Hawley, in his "Capital and Population," (D. Appleton & Co.,) starts from premises the very opposite to those accepted by Dr. Elder, and yet manages to reach much the same conclusions. He belongs to the orthodox English school. Mill and Ricardo, not Carey and Colwell, are his masters. He neither impugns the premises nor controverts the reasonings of these English authorities; but he undertakes to show that in some places their reasoning, although valid, is incomplete. Yet he is a Protectionist. The argument of his book rests on a discussion of the relations of the growth of capital, in its various and imperfectly distinguished forms, to industry. It is the tendency of our industrial system to excessive accumulation of capital in certain forms, that Mr. Hawley regards as the source of those temporary gluts which weigh so heavily upon both employers and laborers, and produce industrial stagnation. The bugbear of the Malthusian is the supposed tendency of population to outstrip capital. Our author asserts,

as regards advanced and civilized States, that there is a far more evident tendency of capital to outstrip population: "Whenever and wherever capital is physically insufficient to furnish the amount of the wage-fund that can be profitably employed, the economic limitations to the growth of capital are removed, as long as such condition lasts. In one sense, all barbarous, semi-civilized and despotic countries can be said to be in this condition. . . . In the absence of war, famine and bad government, capital will constantly tend to outstrip population, will periodically succeed in doing so, and will be in excess to the detriment of production for a greater or less portion of time." For the arguments which sustain this thesis and the distinctions necessary to its proper appreciation, we must refer the reader to the book itself. Mr. Hawley's book has value and suggestiveness. But it is not clearly written, and he has sacrificed much of its force in the effort to show, by his running commentary on Mr. Mill's "Principles," how close is his argument to the line of thought pursued in that work. We think the chief fault in it is the acceptance of purely mechanical relations as governing the economic sphere. This appears most clearly in his treatment of the wages question.

Mr. George B. Dixwell, in his "Premises of Free Trade Examined," (Cambridge: John Wilson & Sons,) takes up a line of inquiry not unlike that of Mr. Hawley, but he pursues it in a much clearer manner. The final argument for Free Trade is: "Protection cannot increase the amount of capital within a country. It can do nothing but divert it from more productive to less productive modes of employment. If, therefore, we are to have any duties on imports, these should be so levied as to cause no diversion of capital from any channel in which it would run without the influence of those duties." Mr. Dixwell, instead of answering this sophistry indirectly, as Protectionists generally have done, by showing the advantages to the whole community from a diversion of capital, takes up the argument on the Free Traders' own ground. He shows, from actual experience, that every country has a margin of capital waiting for employment; that it is represented by about two months' supply of commodities (or, in the United States, at present, one thousand millions of dollars); and that this "capital normally unemployed" is ample for the inauguration of vast enterprises. The vast amount of these surplus stocks has been overlooked by economists; but their existence is recognized by the business community as a most important element in the industrial situation. All economic reasoning which ignores them must lead to erroneous conclusions. This is true of Adam Smith and of all his school. And, just as there is a surplus of capital, so there is a surplus of labor in every country. Economists constantly argue from the conduct which would be wise in a fully employed individual to the correct policy for a whole country, ignoring the fact that no country has full work for its whole people, and that often it may be wise to make at home what could be brought in cheaper from abroad. We have but glanced at Mr. Dixwell's argument. It will repay close reading and careful study.

Mr. Hugh Bowlby Wilson's "Currency; or, The Fundamental Principles of Monetary Science," (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons,) is a Canadian contribution to the discussion of this much-mooted problem. Mr. Wilson believes in national paper money only, and that secured, not by Government bonds, but by gold reserves. His book is as curious, in its way, as Mr. Hawley's. He reaches this rather audacious conclusion from premises identical, in the main, with those of the English school. He holds with them to the purely mechanical theory of money, failing entirely to discern in currency the instrument of association, and thinking only of the instrument of exchange. He dishes up once more the *crambe ter cocta* of the criticism on balances of trade, thereby planting himself in flat contradiction to the practical instincts of the business world on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Wilson has a great deal to learn about money before he puts himself forward as one fitted to enlighten the world on this subject. We might commend to his perusal Mr. Colwell's "Ways and Means of Payment," or any of Professor Laveleye's treatises on the subject. And we may suggest that abuse of our American Government and its methods is no economic explanation of our failure to adopt his Greenback doctrines. If our Congress be what Mr. Wilson says of it, what English dictionary contains words sufficient to describe Canadian politics and Canadian Legislatures?

J. H. Walker gives us "A Few Facts and Suggestions on Money, Trade and Banking" (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.,). The matter of his book is as modest as its title, but it has some marked merits. Mr. Walker starts from a broader and truer conception of money than is found commonly in treatises and text-books. He recognizes money as including not only coin and notes, but all those forms of credit which form part of the ways and means of payment, and which he regards as resting, in the last analysis, upon gold coin. Mr. Walker, like Mr. Elder, is a firm believer in our national banking system. He has no faith in Treasury notes: "That widespread ruin has not heretofore been caused . . . by the issuing of legal-tender notes by the Government, proves the extravagance and wasteful methods of this country, to which Government is no exception." Mr. Walker protests strenuously against any legislation to regulate the rate of interest, and seems to occupy the strongest *laissez faire* ground in discussing this topic. Yet he gives his approval to the law which forbids national banks to invest in real estate, on the ground that this prevents their directing

capital into channels in which it would benefit but slightly commerce and manufactures. We fail to see the consistency of these two positions.

Mr. William B. Weeden's book on "The Social Law of Labor" (Boston: Roberts Brothers,) is the best and most original addition which has been made to economic literature by an American for some years past. In strictness, however, it is not a work in economic science, but in historical sociology. In Mr. Weeden's view, the questions raised with reference to *labor* are to be regarded with much closer reference to the nature, existence and claims of *society* than has been done. For want of this, many ideas are allowed to obtain currency without that circumspect examination of their logical consequences to which they should have been subjected. Thus, he regards the "labor organizations," and also the counter organizations of employers, in Europe and America, as essentially anti-social, and declares that the only outcome from them, if their claims be carried to logical results, is the overthrow of classes and institutions and the erection of a new and less desirable order on their ruins.

Mr. Weeden traces in his first chapters—"I. Persons and Property," "II. The Corporation," "III. The Guild,"—the development of the ideas and institutions which constitute our industrial order, beginning in each case with the very elements, and tracing the stages of progress. The guild he regards as a merely temporary arrangement, which lost its *raison d'être* in the free state, while persons and corporations remain as the industrial units of society. Perhaps it might be said that the organizations of employers and workmen, which Mr. Weeden criticises so sharply, serve the same temporary purpose as did the guild, which united both. Nobody who has given any serious thought to the matter would incline to accept them as permanent features of our social system. They represent a social warfare which may have its uses like other warfare, and which must pass away when the necessity for social collision has ceased.

We have not space for a full notice of what is both valuable and original in Mr. Weeden's book; but we recommend it to all who feel an interest in these topics, as full, both of suggestion and fact.

MRS. WISTER'S TRANSLATIONS: "FROM HAND TO HAND."—One of the most notable series of books produced of late years in this country has been the collection of translations from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wister, published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia. The work that Mrs. Wister has performed with so much industry and judgment approaches the proportions of a library. The latest addition to it—"From Hand to Hand," by Golo Raimund,—makes the twenty-first volume of the series, and the volumes are, for the most part, substantial, even bulky, books,—equivalent, often, to two of the ordinary kind in modern fiction. The amount of labor thus indicated is very considerable; there is, perhaps, no similar instance—remembering the limited time in which the work has been done,—in American book-making. The volumes of the series that have proved most popular are the novels of E. Marlitt; of these, the Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have printed eight of Mrs. Wister's translations. Of the remaining thirteen of the series, two are by Streckfuss and two by Raimund; while Reichenbach, Hartner, Juncker, Harder, Wichert, Von Hillern, Volkhausen, Lewald and Hacklaender have each contributed one. These names are as well known in Germany as any similar number in England and America are known by readers of English fiction; yet, until Mrs. Wister introduced them to our public, American readers, at least, were unconscious of their existence. In such a number of books, there are naturally grades of merit; but the average excellence, looked at from the German point of view, is high. Mrs. Wister is an admirable translator; she has a firm and true hold of the language she is putting into English dress, and an unfailing tact and sense of fitness. Beyond this, she is a person of very shrewd literary judgment; it is one thing to be able to do a given piece of translation acceptably, and another thing to decide upon what is worth translating and what is likely to please a foreign audience. Mrs. Wister's knowledge of modern German is wide, and she has searched it in behalf of American readers to good purpose.

These renderings from the German might, on some accounts, be thought to have little attraction for trans-Atlantic readers; but the success of Lippincott & Co.'s venture proves that they have a very decided fascination. Possibly, the growth of the German element in this country explains it; for it seems hardly likely that people—particularly young people,—who have become used to the "easy" reading of the average English and American novelist of the period, would be attracted greatly by these lugubrious and ultra-sentimental romances. There have been marked exceptions to this general classification of the German novel, as, for instance, in Auerbach's shorter stories and in Fritz Reuter's matchless character studies,—though, to be sure they were written, not in German, but in *Platt-Deutsch*. But, as a rule, it holds; and, to the American who reads for the very lightest entertainment, such a frightfully solid and substantial piece of light literature is little less than abhorrent. The art-forms in the two cases are very dissimilar; especially do they differ in their conceptions of the humorous and the emotional. German pathos is more apt than not to sound like bathos to American ears, and German fun is of that elephantine kind that is

seldom indulged in here, except by ministers of the gospel. Kotzebue's "Stranger" is a very good illustration of the strength and deficiencies of German "light," imaginative literature. In their plays and novels, we have this same ponderosity, which, doubtless, requires the native temperament to do it exact justice. It has the great merits of thoroughness, of trained skill, of high ideals, and of serving, not merely the purpose of entertainment, but of conscientious effort in human development.

"From Hand to Hand" is a very good example of this kind of novel. To the special admirers of Hardy, Blackmore and Black, of Howells, James and Mrs. Burnett, it will appear heavy; but to more catholic readers, who not only appreciate writers of the kind named, but are able to see good in every kind that holds the good, Golo Raimund's novel will appeal with no small force. The story is, in the main,—the plot is involved, and we shall not attempt to follow it in all its windings,—concerned with a young woman, who, by a dying father's request, marries when almost a child, so that the departing parent may have the assurance that she has a protector. The husband bids his child-wife farewell, goes to the wars, and she, instead of having the protection that the father fancied, is left exposed to the machinations of people who are interested in creating dissensions between the strangely-married pair. The husband had previously loved a woman, who, for her part, loves, or marries, the hero's brother. This female is a "beautiful fiend," an adventuress of a fascinating but low type; her husband dies, and then she turns her attention towards securing the hero as her second spouse. The child-wife standing in the way, her arts are employed to make such trouble as would justify a divorce and allow the husband to marry again. Her discomfiture and the reaching of a true understanding by the husband and wife fitly close the book, which will be found one of the best of its class. Mrs. Wister's work in it is as faithful and scholarly as any she has ever done.

THE GYPSIES.—(By Charles G. Leland. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"Why do you take such an interest in gypsies?" Mr. Leland says he is often asked. Then he goes on to say that it is a question not easy to answer, and that, in effect, he cannot tell why he takes this whimsical interest. And yet this book, in every page of it, does answer the question; and, long before we finish it, we find that the feeling involved is not a whim at all, but a very deep, even fundamental, principle of being. It was not written for every man and woman, doubtless; what book is? "One man's meat,"—the proverb is something musty; certain types of "propriety" will be—or would be, if they could be induced to entertain this wild stranger,—horrified at Mr. Leland's peep into the domain of Bohemia; but there will be some to feel its charm in their heart of hearts. Gypsyism is a getting back to first principles,—a return to nature in its primitive forms. It is strange enough that there is a race of men who are, so to speak, untamable, no matter in how high a state of civilization they live and move. Untamable, at least, this far,—that, submitting measurably to the restraints of their environment, they are happy, can exist, only in an attitude of absolute liberty, untrammelled by the social conditions that other men cherish. The wonder of wonders is that this strange race is found in nearly every quarter of the globe, among societies the most unlike, yet itself practically the same. The Jew, himself, has not been so strangely clannish and so curiously preserved as the gypsy. The Jews are found everywhere, and they everywhere preserve their ancient customs; but they adopt the language and social observances of the people among whom their lot is cast. The gypsy, wherever he may be, is gypsy still; his language is common to gypsydom, whether in the frozen steppes of Russia or the "pines" of New Jersey; his habits are universally the same, regardless of his social congeners. It is one of the most curious things in the whole great human puzzle.

It has not been a great while since, even for intelligent people, "gypsy" and "vagabond" meant the same thing. According to the old, ignorant notion, the gypsy was simply the idle "ne'er do weel," or the fugitive from justice, who strove by this irregular life either to live without work or to evade a troublesome scrutiny into his affairs. Never did "society" make a more absurd blunder. The gypsy's life is by no means easy, from the loafer's or tramp's standpoint. What is more to the purpose, his history, antecedents, strange, wild journey through the earth, have all been definitely laid down, so that only the most unlearned or prejudiced can longer doubt. The gypsies are a distinct race, migrating originally from India, nearly one thousand years ago, and having, from the start, like the Hebrews, so peculiar an organization that they have been enabled, in all these years, in all the changes of society, in all the many social forms under which they have lived and live now, to preserve essentially the same traits as when they first started upon their long wanderings. The curious in the subject will find the whole matter fully and satisfactorily treated in Mr. Leland's book. This writer is a worthy successor of George Borrow, to whom he pays strong and affectionate tribute. But for "Lavengro" and the "Romany Rye," Mr. Leland avers that he probably would never have had his attention strongly turned to the gypsies. We may be bound to take his word for it; yet it seems sure, also, that, with such a strong natural bent for this kind of investigation, he must, in case he had ever been



brought into contact with the mystic brotherhood, have followed up the study, regardless of other working of the ground. He is an explorer, and his unreserved acknowledgments to Borrow do not deceive to his disadvantage readers who can recognize an earnest and sympathetic soul. Much that Mr. Leland has to advance in the philology of the subject is entirely new, and for the romance and inner life each new prophet in such a field is an original discoverer.

The charm of this book is penetrating and deep. So thoroughly is the author *en rapport* with his subject, that he might well be a "Romany rye"—gypsy gentleman,—himself. He calls himself so, often, to his "pals" in tent, van or wood. That may be merely jocular; but, again, may it not very well be that he is of gypsy extraction? That would be one explanation of the sympathy shown with the "men of the greenwood" in every line of the book. The work is largely made up of descriptions of personal interviews with gypsies in Europe and in this country. By this means, Mr. Leland gives many proofs of the oneness of this strange people; and the anecdotes, bits of character-drawing and quaint dialogues are a source of never-ending delight to him who can appreciate an out-of-the-way, artistic, yet profoundly natural, book. One scene in a tent, in which the "rakker" of the gypsies mingles harmoniously with the wood-sounds without and the rain pattering on the tightly-drawn canvas,—tones of the universal nature language, as true in one part of the world as another, and going to the root of emotion,—lingers vividly in the memory; yet it is but one of many equally strong. Mr. Leland has given us a book of very exceptional beauty and power.

**BOOKS ABOUT LONGFELLOW.**—It is natural that the death of the leading American poet should be followed by various collections of biographical and literary matter bearing on the subject; but the promptness and wealth of these sketches excite surprise. Longfellow has been dead less than three months; yet several goodly-sized volumes have appeared and others are announced, to say nothing of the authoritative work to be issued by direction of the poet's family, and which may not be put forth for some time. The general interest in the subject accounts for the hurry of publishers in providing for the wants of readers. Longfellow was, doubtless, the best known and most popular literary man of the front rank, living either in this country or in Europe; and biography is, we believe, one of the most permanently profitable departments of the publishing business. Still, with all the competitive desire to get early possession of the field, and with the acknowledged abundance of material upon which to rear the story of this simple but interesting life, it is significant and noteworthy that such ample, handsome volumes could be written, printed and distributed in so brief a time. The perfection to which book-publishing has been brought in the United States has possibly never had so strong an illustration.

Of two books on the subject which demand attention at this time, Mr. W. Sloane Kennedy's "Henry W. Longfellow: Biography, Anecdote, Letters, Criticism," will probably attract the most notice. This, not because it is a very thorough piece of authorship, strictly speaking, but because it is full of the immediate personal interest, which, in view of the recent departure of the poet, a great section of readers will principally care for. Mr. Kennedy's title well expresses the scope of his book; biography, proper, does not fill possibly more than a fourth of the volume; but the other sections of anecdote, letters and criticism constitute an agreeable *mélange* which give the reader the impression of having really gathered a more vivid, if not a fuller, knowledge of the subject than he could have got from a more elaborate treatise upon Longfellow's poetical genius. Mr. Kennedy makes no claim to any originality in this effort to supply the reading world with the earliest possible full-length sketch of the much-loved writer. An elaborate portrait it is not, and does not claim to be; but, as a rapid and forcible sketch, it has merit and value. Its eclectic character is fully conceded,—and no book of such proportions, produced in such time, could have been anything else; but the plan of it strikes us as a very good one, and the style of the original parts of the book is easy and graceful. There are a number of attractive illustrations, and the picture of the poet given as a vignette may be pronounced the very best portrait of book-size that has appeared. (Moses King, Cambridge.)

"Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: A Biographical Sketch," by Francis H. Underwood, is a book of a very different character. It is a critical study, providing a considerable basis of personal detail, but busied, for the most part, with Longfellow as a writer and with his influence on his time and his contemporaries. Mr. Underwood had especial facilities and aptitude for this task, and it is, on some accounts, to be regretted that he could not finish it according to his first plan. The book was undertaken, some time ago, at Longfellow's own desire. Mr. Underwood was one of the projectors of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was, for a long time, on confidential terms with the poet. Longfellow admired his biography of Lowell and expressed a wish that a similar life of himself might be undertaken. But Mr. Underwood did not anticipate, more than the rest of us, the sudden termination of that useful and beautiful life; he went about the preparation of his sketch leisurely, and was shocked, when midway in his labor, with the news that so moved the rest of the world. Then, not to conflict with the authorized

life now in preparation, this work was speedily wound up and called a sketch. That such a method of production leads to some disappointment in the reading, cannot be denied; but there is much in the book that the lover of Longfellow would not miss. It is written on a high and appreciative plane, and shows the scholar and the critic in all its parts. The illustrations, depicting the various homes occupied by Longfellow, add to the value of the book. (Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.)

**COMMON SENSE ABOUT WOMEN.**—Out of the great number of short and pithy papers on "woman topics" which have been furnished by "T. W. H." to the *Woman's Journal*, during the thirteen years of its existence, about a hundred of the most select have been gathered into this volume ("Common Sense about Women." By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard). They cover a great variety of themes, but fall naturally into groups, under the heads of physiology, temperament, home, society, education, employment, principles of government, and suffrage. Colonel Higginson is one of the best furnished and most finished of American writers; his spirit is always wholesome and his style graceful and sprightly. Yet, in his lightest touch, one feels a certain firmness; his very laughter suggests an undertone of earnestness not always felt in discourse which affects to be serious. There is also that fine combination of positive conviction and candor towards opposing views which seems to come of broad and sympathetic observation. He is incapable of non-committalism; but he carries no cudgel, and makes himself felt as a moderator in recent discussions. To the courteous and self-contained bearing of a gentleman and the severity of a scholar, he adds the spirit and dash of a knightly champion. Claiming for the sexes "equivalence, not identity," he calls on both men and women to accept their limitations and make the best of the situation. He reverences womanhood without blinking any womanish fault. Committing himself, without reserve, to the doctrine that every human being is entitled to world-room for body and soul, he bespeaks from man for woman a fair chance and no crowding. Giving due honor to animal functions and social claims, or "spheres," he still insists that humanity, or the spiritual nature which is common to men and women, is the primary fact, while sex is secondary and subordinate. Freedom is the right of mind.

On the subject of suffrage, he adds little to the common stock of argument; but his statement of that argument, like his reply to objections, is clear, forcible and good-tempered. To many who cannot reach the more radical conclusion, his views of education, marriage and the just distribution of domestic burdens and benefits will be most welcome; for he does not write as a *doctrinaire*, but as one who has lived long enough to see boys and girls grow to be heads of families, and who has learned to measure the weaknesses, needs and possible nobleness of us average sinners by very practical standards. There will also be a general clapping of hands at the quiet thrusts he gives to fashionable follies and social pretences.

Of his admirable way of putting things, take a few samples: "We eat our breakfasts as human beings, not as men and women; and it is the same with nine-tenths of our interests and duties in life." "No woman is less a mother because she cares for all the concerns of the world into which her child is born." "When the rivet falls from a pair of scissors, we do not have them mended because either half can claim superiority over the other half, but because it takes two halves to make a whole." "There is a kind of dry despair into which men fall which is quite as forlorn as any tears of women. . . . Women give way to tears more readily than men? Granted. Is their sex any the weaker for it? Not a bit. It is simply a difference in temperament. . . . As for tears, long may they flow! They are symbols of that mighty distinction of sex which is as ineffaceable and as essential as the difference between land and sea." "It takes at least two to make a home; unluckily, it takes only one to spoil it." "To say that a thing is going, is to say that it will presently be gone." "Once get it rooted in a woman's mind, that, for her, two and two make three only, and, sooner or later, the accounts of the whole human race fail to balance." "If we assume that two human beings have immortal souls, there can be no want of dignity to either in serving the other." "Our republic is, on the whole, in less danger from its poor men, who have to stay in it and bring up their children, than from its rich men, who have always Paris and Dresden to fall back upon."

**POEMS BY H. C. LEA.**—A volume which can hardly fail to interest the student of poetry has been privately printed by Mr. Henry C. Lea ("Translations, and Other Rhymes." By Henry C. Lea. Privately printed. Philadelphia. 1882). It presents a number of translations in verse, which, at the same time that they reveal the wide range of Mr. Lea's readings in the poets of antiquity and the Middle Ages, and of modern Germany, evince what we may term unusual literary valor, from the fact that the author has chosen a number of exceedingly well-known pieces, which have been rendered in English before. Here, for instance, is the "Dies Irae," in a version which justifies the translator's courage, despite the formidable group of previous English interpretations of that great hymn. Again, in selecting Simon Dach's "Aennchen von Tharau," he comes into competition with Longfellow, who published the

same poem as "Annie of Tharaw." Mr. Lea gives only the first and better part of this piece; and, if he is not in all respects more felicitous than Longfellow, he certainly is so in the particular of preserving the right pronunciation and quantity of the proper name, and in imparting to his lines a freer and richer rhythm than the more famous writer attained. Heine's "Lorelei" and Horace's "Ode to Torquatus" also appear in this collection, with Uhland's "Castle by the Sea," which is very gracefully done. Mr. Lea's translation of Hadrian's address to his soul is, likewise, exceedingly good. It is impossible, in brief space, to more than allude to his studies from Ronsard, Marot, Villon, Schiller, Goethe, and others, both of old and of later time; but two of the contributions have a value, apart from their workmanship, in their historic connection. We refer to Fra Peyre Cardinal's "The Church," and the old Moorish ballad which first confirmed the rumor of the Morisco rebellion in 1568. In his extract from the "Romancero del Cid," Mr. Lea, as occasionally elsewhere, gives us a halting line.

"And with Santiago's good help shall make the Paynim yield," cannot be scanned without distorting the word "Santiago." Several original poems at the end of the book, chiefly relating to our civil war, are full of strength and sonorousness. For its fine strain of sententious eloquence in the clause which we italicize, the following stanza is well worth quoting:

"The restless soul still yearns for things unknown;  
It chafes against its fetters, seeks the way  
That leads to freedom; but the sword alone  
Makes good the dreams that else would but betray."

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

- THREE IN NORWAY. By "Two of Them." Pp. 340. \$1.75. Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.
- THE DESMOND HUNDRED. ("Round Robin Series.") Pp. 330. \$1.00. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.
- THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART. Edited by L. P. di Cesnola; illustrated by George Gibson. Pp. 32. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.)
- DISEASES OF MEMORY. By Th. Ribot. ("International Scientific Series.") Pp. 210. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.)
- ERRORS IN THE USE OF ENGLISH. By Wm. B. Hodgson, LL.D. Pp. 246. D. Appleton & Co., New York. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.)
- VICTOR EMMANUEL. By Edward Dicey, M.A. ("New Plutarch Series.") Pp. 334. \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.)
- GYPSIE. ("Knickerbocker Novels.") By Minnie E. Kennedy. Pp. 313. \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. (Porter & Coates, Philadelphia.)
- MRS. DUFF. By Joseph N. Ireland. ("American Actor Series.") Pp. 188. \$1.25. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

#### AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.

MR. SWINBURNE'S new volume, "Tristram of Lyonesse, and Other Poems," is going through the press in London.

Miss Ella H. Richards "Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning," which Messrs. Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, have put forth, is a short manual for housekeepers that can be highly commended. It is admirably practical and concise.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "American Classics for Schools" has been enriched by a little book of selections from Hawthorne, which makes an excellent "reader" and ought to be popular.

Messrs. Roberts Brothers, Boston, announce that they propose to reproduce *The Dial*, page for page, without abridgment, and with the addition of an index to the whole work, containing a list of the contributions, with names of the contributors, so far as it is possible to procure them.

"Dick's Wanderings," by Julian Sturgis, which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued in very handsome shape, is a lively and picturesque tale, having many elements of popularity. The writer has a clever knack of describing "society people."

Mr. R. B. Westbrook's "The Bible: Whence and What," published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., has for its central principle the conviction that infidelity can only be checked by presenting "more rational views of the Bible and of religion than those that generally obtain,—at least, among churchmen." While anything but "orthodox," the sincerity of Mr. Westbrook's book cannot be denied. It is, moreover, written in thoroughly good temper, and we do not see that it can rightly give offence, even to those who reject its teachings.

Mr. Taine's "History of English Literature" has been translated into Hungarian by the Magyar dramatist, M. G. Csiky.

"Eastern Proverbs and Emblems," by Rev. J. Long, (Funk & Wagnall, New York,) might be set upon the library shelf as a companion book to the work of Mr. Mills noticed above. It illustrates truths in literature as found in Eastern writers, giving especial attention to morals. It is a very earnest and pains-taking piece of work.

"Guerndale: An Old Story," by "J. S. of Dale," is a novel with a purpose, or rather, a bundle of purposes. The author is a political and art enthusiast, and it may be feared, that, in giving his hobbies full swing, he has made his book somewhat top-heavy. But it cannot be denied earnestness and a certain vigor. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

"Singleheart and Doubleface" is the title of Mr. Charles Reade's new novel, which was announced to begin in the *London Life* on June 8th.

The author of "Ecce Homo" has just published, through Messrs. MacMillan & Co., London, a new book of similar cast, entitled "Natural Religion."

Mr. Bret Harte has just written a new story, called "Flip," which is to be published in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. "Flip" is in Mr. Harte's earliest and best vein, being devoted to descriptions of California scenery and character.

The author of "John Inglesant," Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, has written an essay on George Herbert and his poetry, as an introduction to a new edition of Herbert's "Temple," just put forth in London.

Dr. Hanna, the son-in-law and biographer of Dr. Chalmers, died lately in Scotland. He was the editor of the *North British Review* for many years, and the author of a number of religious works.

The third series of the "No Name" novels will be commenced at once. It will retain the original features of the first and second series, differing only in the style of binding. The twelfth and concluding volume of the second series is entitled "Aschenbroedel." (Roberts Brothers, Boston.)

Mr. W. H. Mallock's "Social Equality," which will be shortly published in New York by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, is planned by the author to be a sober and thorough analysis of the tendencies of democracy in Europe. It is to be hoped that Mr. Mallock may recover in this venture some of the ground he lost by his sad failure in "The Nineteenth Century," that strangely bad novel, in which the author so disappointed many of his best friends.

It is announced that a volume of Longfellow's latest poems will soon be issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will comprise all that were written after the publication of "Ultima Thule," his last book, and fully one-half of the contents will now see the light for the first time. We have thus the agreeable prospect of a practically new book by Longfellow, and the pleasure will be the greater because it was entirely unexpected.

Messrs. A. Williams & Co., Boston, will soon publish a new political biography, entitled "Thaddeus Stevens, Commoner," by E. B. Callender. The book will contain an account of the birth and genius of the Republican party.

Mr. Froude, the biographer of Carlyle, has written a short preface to go with Carlyle's posthumous "Reminiscences of My Irish Journey" when they appear in book-form.

"Niagara, and Other Poems," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., shows Mr. George Houghton, its author, to have considerable verse-making facility. It is an unpretentious performance; but many of the poems, though slight in texture, have grace and sweetness. As a piece of book-making, the volume is one of the daintiest we have handled in a long time.

Mr. Charles D. B. Mills has gathered and arranged various extracts from the works of Eastern writers into a volume which he calls "Pebbles, Pearls and Gems of the Orient." It gives, in convenient and otherwise practically inaccessible shape, many good examples of prose and verse from the Hindoo, Arabic and Persian. (George H. Ellis, Boston.)

The statement that Mr. Darwin left an autobiography appears to have been a mistake; at least, the existence of such a work is not known to his most intimate friends.

#### SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

AMONG the charms of the Argentine Republic is a disease known as "myiasis," which shows itself by pains in the throat and face, swelling of the nostrils and upper part of the face, headache, violent sneezing, and an offensive discharge from the nose, the whole resulting in great emaciation and danger to life. The cause of this disease has now been found to be a two-winged fly, *Calliphora anthropophaga*, which enters the nostril and deposits its eggs in the nasal passage. The trouble is caused by the hatching of these eggs and the invasion of the sinuses in the frontal and maxillary bones by the grubs. If they enter the brain or penetrate downwards to the lungs, the result is fatal. Chloroform and salicylic acid are among the remedies applied to cause the expulsion of the larvæ. Similar cases are not unknown in the Tierra Caliente of Mexico.

The curious mound-building birds known as the *Megapodiidae* have long been objects of interest to naturalists. Their greatest peculiarity of habit consists in their mode of nest-building, while their greatest peculiarity of structure is the strength and weight of the bones of their skeleton. None of these birds sit upon their eggs; like the ostrich, they leave them to their fate when laid, but, unlike the ostrich, they take precautions to secure their hatching. Most of the species build comparatively large mounds of vegetable rubbish and earth, deposit their eggs within the mounds, and trust to the heat produced by decomposition under the sun's rays to do the work usually performed by the warmth of the mother's body. This group, which has its headquarters in Australia and the islands between it and Asia, but extends to the Philippine Islands and over much of Polynesia, has lately been monographed and the number of species reduced to twenty-eight. The largest form, called "maleo" by the natives, is a native of the north of Celebes, and lays its eggs deep in dry sand.

The lower strata of the East Indies are poor in bones of vertebrates; but, when the Middle Tertiary is reached, as in the Siwalik hills and in the valley of the Irawaddy, a rich fauna is met with, the principal types of which do not exist elsewhere. Among these are the great ruminants known as *Sivatherium*, *Bramatherium*, etc., together with *Dinotherium* and *Hipparion* (a relative of the horse). Contemporary with these strange mammals were a true giraffe, antelopes, stags, sheep, and ten species of true



oxen. Among birds, an ostrich like that of Africa lived beside a cassowary allied to that of Australia. In more recent strata (Pliocene), the mastodon and hippopotamus still occur, most of the great ruminants have disappeared, and traces of men are found.

It has been recently argued with considerable force that in all countries musical development followed the same track. First came the idea of time or rhythm, then that of simple melody, and lastly that of an accompaniment or harmony. These stages are represented by the three types of musical instruments to which all others may be reduced; viz, the drum, pipe and lyre, the first the type of all instruments that are beaten, as castanets, rattles, tambourines, cymbals, bells, the second of all wind instruments operated by the mouth, the third of all stringed instruments. It is shown that the lowest tribes have only the drum type, while the higher usually have all, with a tendency, however, to confine the use of beaten instruments to religious services, as shown by the use of drums in fetich ceremonies and bells in our own churches.

The articulates (insects, spiders, centipedes, crustacea,) appear to have reached a state of great perfection, and to have been represented by very varied forms, at an early period of the earth's history. As the oldest stratified deposits are marine, the oldest type is the crustacean. But the *débris* of insect-wings appear in the Devonian of North America and the Carboniferous of Europe. Fossil insects do not present the strange forms, unlike anything of recent times, that are found in fossil vertebrates; and in the Lias, the vertebrates of which are so widely different from those of to-day, we meet with beetles belonging to families that now number their hundreds or thousands of species. At first sight, it would appear that this great development of insect life at so early a date militates against evolution; but a second glance will show that the earliest insects belong to those orders of insects that undergo a slight or incomplete metamorphosis. The Devonian insects all belong to the orthoptera or neuroptera, represented in our age by cockroaches, crickets, locusts, dragon-flies, May-flies, ant-lions, etc. The oldest insects known are very near to the *Ephemera*, or May-flies, living species of which exist as aquatic larvae for years and only a few hours as perfect insects. This fact is significant, as it points toward the suspected crustacean and aquatic ancestry of insects. Indeed, some of these May-flies were believed to be crustacea until the winged form was discovered. Arachnida (spiders, scorpions, etc.) were not known earlier than the Jurassic strata, until the recent discovery, in strata of the Carboniferous (coal,) Age, in the south of Scotland, of several examples of scorpions in almost every respect like those now existing. Myriapoda, or centipedes, have not been discovered further back than the Trias, or New Red Sandstone.

Some facts relative to the development of nearly allied animals living under different conditions tend to show that too much importance must not be attached to embryological characters as indicative of relationship. Thus, a species of *Palaemon*, or prawn, living in the rivers of the South of South America, lays some two hundred eggs, which hatch in what is known as the *zoea* stage, in which respect it resembles most crabs and lobsters; while, in the small streams of the same region, a very closely allied prawn lays only twenty eggs, which hatch out in a state more nearly like the adult. Crustacea (crabs, lobsters, shrimps, sand-hoppers, water-fleas, etc.) usually pass through a continuous metamorphosis, but at each moult progress towards adult characters; but the above example and several others show how stages in this metamorphosis may be passed through in the egg or dropped entirely.

### DRIFT.

—The London scheme for a school of dramatic art occasions much comment in the class journals, which is added to in some measure by the press at large. But there does not seem to have been any great amount of enthusiasm generated on the subject. The gain to the stage from imparting to debutants a modicum of general knowledge is not easy to calculate; but, as the *Athenæum* points out, feasible as the establishment of a school seems, it remains to be seen whether the whole will be on a sufficiently broad basis.

—There will be more candidates at Johns Hopkins University, this year, for academic and advanced degrees, than at any previous commencement. Nine men have applied for the degree of Ph. D. A large number of men have also applied for fellowships and scholarships.

—On the Sunday of the opening of the Paris Salon, 15,742 visitors entered the building without payment. On the following day, 3,553 persons paid a franc each, and on the Tuesday 8,403 likewise paid a franc each. The one hundredth anniversary of the first Salon occurs next year, and will be especially celebrated.

—Madame Patti has made her *réentrée* at Covent Garden with impressive success. She appeared first in "L'Étoile du Nord," and afterwards sang in "Il Trovatore" and "Il Barbiere." The critics pronounce her lower voice finer than ever, but think her higher notes less firm and brilliant than they were. Covent Garden is especially rich, this spring, in women's voices. Patti, Lucca, Sembrich, Albani, Fürsch-Modi, Valleria and Trebelli are now singing, and the appearance of Nilsson is announced.

—The Brown University deep-sea sounding expedition will sail from Boston the day after commencement. The Grand Menan Island, and the shores lying about the Bay of Fundy, will be visited. An effort will be made to secure a collection for the university museum.

—A gentleman of Manchester (England), who has, for some time, been engaged in collecting the testimonies of literary and scientific workers as to the influence of alcohol and tobacco in intellectual efforts, received the following letter from Professor Darwin: "DOWN BECKENHAM.—DEAR SIR:—I drink a glass of wine daily, and believe I should be better without any, though all doctors urge me to drink wine, as I suffer

much from giddiness. I have taken snuff all my life, and regret that I ever acquired the habit, which I have often tried to leave off, and have succeeded for a time. I feel sure that it is a great stimulus and aid in my work. I also daily smoke two little paper cigarettes of Turkish tobacco. This is not a stimulus, but rests me after my work, or after I have been compelled to talk, with tired memory, more than anything else. I am seventy-three years old. Yours, faithfully, CH. DARWIN."

—The Court of Appeal at Rome has decided that the sum of 1,354,000 francs shall be paid by the Italian Government to the Duke di Ripalda, as indemnification for the garden and grove of the Farnesina, expropriated and destroyed to make way for the Tiber Embankment. The Court has, however, rejected his claim to ownership in the ancient wall-paintings, discovered, in the course of the works, some two years ago, below the level of the expropriated garden.

### FINANCIAL AND TRADE REVIEW.

THURSDAY, June 8.

THE stock market has been feverish and irregular, but, in the main, strong for the more active stocks, which show an advance of one-half to two and a quarter per cent. The money market is easy on call at two and one-half to three per cent. Time loans and prime mercantile discounts are unchanged.

In New York, yesterday, the closing quotations of principal stocks were as follows: New York Central, 126 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; New York, Lake Erie and Western, 34; Lake Shore and Missouri Southern, 100 $\frac{1}{8}$ ; Chicago and Northwestern, common, 129 $\frac{1}{8}$ ; Chicago and Northwestern, preferred, 142 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Ohio and Mississippi, 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Pacific Mail, 39 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Western Union, 81 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Milwaukee and St. Paul, 109 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Milwaukee and St. Paul, preferred, 123; New Jersey Central, 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Delaware and Hudson, 103 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, 119; Michigan Central, 84 $\frac{3}{4}$ ; Union Pacific, 108 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific, preferred, 49; Hannibal and St. Joseph, 90; Hannibal and St. Joseph, preferred, 79; St. Paul and Omaha, 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; St. Paul and Omaha, preferred, 99 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Louisville and Nashville, 66 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Kansas and Texas, 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Nashville and Chattanooga, 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Denver and Rio Grande, 55 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; New York, Ontario and Western, 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Norfolk and Western, preferred, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Mobile and Ohio, 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Erie and Western, 26; Canada Southern, 46; Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central, 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Manhattan Elevated Railway, 58; Metropolitan Elevated Railway, 86 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Central Pacific, 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Missouri Pacific, 91 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Texas Pacific, 37 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Colorado Coal, 42 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western, 37; Ohio Central, 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Peoria, Decatur and Ev., 25 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Milwaukee and Lake Shore, 45 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Rochester and Pittsburgh, 22; Memphis and Charleston, 50; East Tennessee, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; East Tennessee, preferred, 15 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Richmond and Danville, 99.

The closing quotations for leading Philadelphia stocks, yesterday, were as follows: City sixes, new, 132 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; United Companies of New Jersey, 187 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Pennsylvania Railroad, 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Reading Railroad, 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Lehigh Valley Railroad, 58 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Catawissa, preferred, 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Northern Pacific, common, 40 $\frac{1}{4}$ ; Northern Pacific, preferred, 77 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Northern Central Railroad, 44; Lehigh Navigation, 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Buffalo, Pittsburgh and Western, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Hestonville, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Philadelphia and Erie, 13; Huntingdon and Broad-Top, preferred, 23.

The Philadelphia banks, on Saturday last, showed these principal items, as compared with returns under the same headings in the week preceding:

	May 27.	June 3.	Differences.
Loans, . . .	\$75,297,206	75,033,396	Dec. \$263,810
Reserve, . . .	18,209,980	18,521,180	Inc. 311,200
Deposits, . . .	52,485,364	53,438,958	Inc. 953,594
Circulation, . . .	9,752,865	9,759,255	Inc. 6,390
Clearings, . . .	49,775,480	51,979,508	Inc. 2,204,028

The corresponding statement of the New York banks, with the comparison with the preceding week, is as follows:

	May 27.	June 3.	Differences.
Loans, . . .	\$317,786,900	\$318,373,300	Inc. \$586,400
Specie, . . .	55,019,200	53,692,900	Dec. 1,326,300
Legal tenders, . . .	23,768,100	24,922,600	Inc. 1,154,500
Deposits, . . .	298,314,700	298,657,600	Inc. 342,900
Circulation, . . .	18,567,700	18,635,200	Inc. 67,500

The following were the closing quotations of United States securities in New York, yesterday:

	Bid.	Asked.
United States 6s, 1881, continued at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , . . .	99 $\frac{3}{4}$	100 $\frac{1}{2}$
United States 5s, 1881, continued at 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ , . . .	101 $\frac{1}{4}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$
United States 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, 1891, registered, . . .	114 $\frac{1}{2}$	114 $\frac{3}{4}$
United States 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s, 1891, coupon, . . .	114	114 $\frac{1}{2}$
United States 4s, 1907, registered, . . .	119 $\frac{1}{4}$	119 $\frac{1}{2}$
United States 4s, 1907, coupon, . . .	120 $\frac{1}{4}$	120 $\frac{1}{2}$
United States currency 6s, 1895, . . .	129	
United States currency 6s, 1896, . . .	130	
United States currency 6s, 1897, . . .	131	
United States currency 6s, 1898, . . .	132	
United States currency 6s, 1899, . . .	133	

Yesterday's steamers from New York took out \$2,250,000 in gold. Foreign advises report British consols strong. Consols for money advanced from 100 $\frac{1}{4}$ @100 $\frac{3}{4}$  to 100 7-16; ditto for the account rose from 100 $\frac{1}{2}$ @100 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and reached to 100 9-16.

United States Government bonds are reported weak on foreign advices. Fours declined from 122 $\frac{1}{4}$  to 122 $\frac{1}{8}$ , 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ s from 116 $\frac{1}{4}$  to 116. American railway securities were also weak. Pennsylvania sold down from 55 $\frac{1}{4}$  to 55 $\frac{1}{8}$ , and rallied to 55 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

One hundred and thirteen new national banks have been organized since January 1st of this year, with a total capital of \$16,766,000. Seven banks, with a capital of nine hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were organized last week.

# THE AMERICAN.

A NATIONAL WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS,  
LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART  
AND FINANCE.

Published every Saturday, at No. 726 CHESTNUT STREET,  
Philadelphia.

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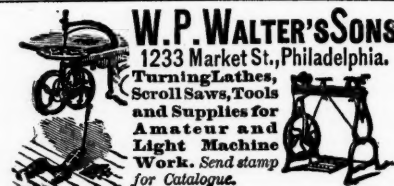
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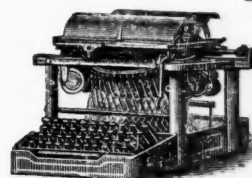
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